THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents. No. 40.

THE RECOMPENSE OF LOSS.

In the twilight, still and dim,
When the work-day week is past,
Like a holy vesper hymn,
Comes a dream of thee at last.

Mem'ries that thro' week-days past
Have been banished from my life,
Till I thought them dead, at last
Bring again their pain and strife.

Sorrow—yet a sorrow sweet!
Pain, but yet a pain I love!
Shadows that with sunshine meet—
Clouds, but coming from above!

Truly, love is never lost!
Though it sometimes seems to be
Borne away by waves that tossed
Hopes from us so ruthlessly.

So, my darling, thoughts of thee,
By the twilight-angels borne,
Bring a holy joy to me,
And I cannot wholly mourn.

Can you know, oh, dear lost love,
All the holy peace which came
Pure as God's smile from above—
At the mention of your name?

Peace, which in a moment gave
Half the joy of Heaven to me!
That the shadowy, silent grave,
Could not take, in taking thee!

For I know that through the night
Wrapping in the other shore,
Shall thy love, a beacon light,
Shine for me forever more?

W. W. HUTCHINSON.

St. Leger's Love;

OR,

THE SIEGE OF STANWIX.

A Romance of the Revolution.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALK, THE SCOUT," "ANNIE AYRE," &c.

"GIRL!" HE CRIED, WARNINGLY, "YOU HAD BETTER LISTEN; I AM NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH LONGER."

Little Gertie looked on at first in childish amazement; and then, seeing her mother affected as she had never seen her before, she burst into tears herself, crying in sudden terror—"Mamma, mamma!"

The mother caught her in her arms, yielding her only to the embrace of Edith.

"Poor, ignorant child!" exclaimed the former. "Little does she know the nature of the peril that threatens us!"

"What if Lionel—" faltered Edith.

"What if *he* knew, would you ask?" said Mrs. Livingston, more firmly. "Since he could not aid us, let him do his duty to his country without a hindering thought of me. But I would have him know *your* danger, dear Edith—it is less imminent than mine, I conceive—for the knowledge might nerve his arm to strike more bravely for the right."

"He needs not such sad incentive," she said, aloud. "Dear Lionel," she then murmured tremblingly to herself, "it may be that your dear form is already stiff in death, You have shared the perils of battle to-day—perhaps have not escaped them. Oh, Liberty! how many are the woes with which thou art bought! How precious shouldst thou be! won with the tears of women and the blood of men!"

Colonel Sayton at this moment returned, knocked at the door and asked if he could be admitted.

"Certainly, colonel," responded Mrs. Livingston, in a tone of welcome; then turning to Edith quickly, and whispering:

"I will tell him all; it will distress him, but he must know." The old officer came in with a brighter look on his face than he had departed with.

"You bring us good news," said Mrs. Livingston. "I see it in your countenance. Our friends have withdrawn; after what success?"

"Glorious!" he replied, enthusiastically, but not in a tone loud enough to reach the ear of the guard outside. "They took many prisoners, killed many of the enemy, captured tools and baggage and destroyed a portion of the besiegers' works. If Herkimer is as successful to-day, the fort will hold out for a long time yet."

"Is there any news from Herkimer that you have heard?" asked Edith, in paling eagerness.

The colonel well understood her anxiety.

"None as yet—none that I have learned at least. I only heard some of the officers say that a portion of their force had been sent against him."

They expressed to each other their hopes of victory, and exchanged congratulations upon the success of the sortie. Then Mrs. Livingston said:

"I have a startling communication to make to you, colonel. You must hear it, though it only adds to your present kind concern for us."

With this introductory, she informed him of her meeting with St. Leger, and her recognition of him as one she had formerly known under a different name.

CHAPTER XI.

EXECUTED.

We return to the field of Oriskany—only, however, to follow more particularly the fortunes of our hero. Herkimer, mortally wounded, was borne from the ground on a litter, to die shortly afterward in his home on the Mohawk. His men, though they fought so heroically, and inflicted great loss upon their foes, suffered in the sorest sense a defeat, since the object of the expedition—the relief of Stanwix—was not attained.

Lieutenant Livingston, helpless in the hands of his captor—now joined by some of his fellow-warriors—was hurried through the forest toward the camp of St. Leger. They appeared to be somewhat apart from the main body of the enemy, and apprehensive of an attack, for parties of the defeated remnant of Herkimer's force might be dressed in their flight toward the fort.

"Fas'er, fas'er; pale face go fas'er," urged the warrior who kept near the prisoner. "Red Eagle use knife."

This threat hastened but little the footsteps of Lionel, who, with his arms bound as they were, stumbled frequently, and even fell as he endeavored to proceed with the speed his captor desired.

They soon entered a belt of thicket that spread across their path. The savages paused briefly to listen and reconnoiter, and then, as if reflecting that they were the victors and not the vanquished, and so had less reason to fear, pushed boldly on.

"Down, youngster, down!" suddenly cried a loud voice.

Lionel dropped to the earth in an instant; and at the same moment the sharp crack of a dozen rifles, simultaneously fired, rang out, their blazing muzzles pointed over his prostrate form. Red Eagle and two of his comrades fell dead. The others rushed yelling and howling away.

"It is Lieutenant Livingston!" exclaimed a voice that our hero recognized, as his bonds were cut. "We've done you a service, sir."

"You have indeed, Dyke Kopinall," returned the young man, gratefully, as he sprang to his feet, turning to the famous scout of that name whose voice he had known before he saw his face. "And now let us away. You have heard of Herkimer's defeat?"

"Then our men are beaten?"

"Yes," answered Lionel, sorrowfully. "You were not in the fight?"

"No; we are from the fort. Gansevoort sent us out to learn the news."

"You will have a sad report to make, unless it is known already. We were ambuscaded."

"Ambuscaded!" ejaculated the amazed scout. "That should not have happened."

"I know it," answered Lionel, sadly and almost shamefully. "*You* and such as you were not along, Dyke, or it never would have been. That is if—but you will hear the whole sad story soon enough."

The party had commenced their retreat immediately upon liberating the lieutenant, and these words had been exchanged in low tones, and not with the directness detailed, as they went along.

"You are from the fort, Dyke," said the young man soon, speaking with the painful eagerness of one who dreads the answer. "It is invested—the settlement above must be burned or occupied by the enemy; is—is my mother—"

A glance at the bronzed but paling face of the ranger quickened his worst fears.

"Is my mother there—my sister?" gasped the young soldier.

"I am afraid not, lieutenant," was the faltering answer of the scout, seeing the emotion of his comrade.

"Oh, God! And have they perished or fallen into the enemy's hands? And Edith! Dyke, you know Miss Seymour; is *she* there?"

The distressed look of the borderer was sufficient answer.

"God help them!" groaned Lionel.

The pitying countenance of Dyke Kopinall showed he deeply sympathized with the young officer in the accumulated grief the intelligence imparted had brought to him.

"Dead or captives—captives in the hands of merciless foes," thought Lionel, almost stupefied with his misery. Then, addressing the scout, he said:

"Dyke, you have a sister."

A look of agony, followed by a vengeful flash of the eye, came into the man's rough but striking face at the words.

"No—no," he said, hastily and bitterly.

"Has she—"

"Yes—yes; I know what you would ask. She is dead. The cursed tories murdered her—not in cold blood, it is true; but I charge her death to them—to the bloodthirsty Greene. Curse 'em!"

The expression of the ranger's countenance was terrible. Suddenly softening his aspect, as if the memory of the lost one overcame for the moment every thought but that of love, he continued: "Yes, Fanny is gone. I remember how she died," (and again his eyes flashed,) "but I must think of the living, too. I will help *you*, lieutenant, if we can arrange it when we reach the fort. Don't despond. I'm nigh sure your mother and sister—and—Miss Edith (I know what *she* is to you) are alive. They were taken at the Hall—Wouter Van Cleeker left them there; and though a stubborn fight followed his leaving—I'll explain that in time—I don't think there's reason to give up entirely."

Dyke did not mention the fact of Edith's sickness, for he thought the poor fellow had enough put on him so suddenly without that.

Lionel felt somewhat comforted by the views of his rough friend—but most by the promise of assistance that had been given. He knew that Dyke Kopinall was one of the most daring and successful scouts of the Valley, and if any one could penetrate the hostile camp and effect the rescue of a prisoner, it was he.

"And now a word or two more about old Herkimer," spoke the ranger. "Was there a militiaman left of the whole lot?"

"Oh, yes. In fact, Dyke, I think the day would have been won, taken at a disadvantage as we were—"

"That was your own fault; you deserved to be beat."

"Wait till you know all, Dyke. As I was about to say, I think we should have whipped—for our men fought nobly after the first panic—but so many fell that there were but few left *to* win. A victory is worth nothing unless some are left to claim it and use it."

"That's true enough. And if a body of men on their way to reinforce a hard-pressed fort suffer themselves to be massacred, they do precious little to help the garrison."

The scout spoke with bitterness. His censure and contempt for men who permitted themselves to fall into an ambush were immeasurable.

As Dyke Kopinall may continue an actor in these pages, and as he is in himself a character worthy of note, we will at this point present him more fully to the reader. He was a tall, well-formed man, with no superfluous flesh on his bones, active, daring and enduring. His face, bronzed and earnest, was lighted by a pair of powerful gray eyes, whose glance never quailed or fell.

A firm, well-shaped mouth, with lips often compressed, but which could relax into the kindliest smile; a nose slightly aquiline; and a chin roughly rounded, not without the traces of former dimples, were features less prominent; for what drew the beholder's attention were those strong, searching, magnetic eyes. No one, not even his superiors in rank, ever dared to offer Dyke Kopinall slight or insult, for there was that in the very aspect of the man that proclaimed him one to be respected, humble as was his station. At the same time, he was never wanting in respect to others, though his occasional bluntness bordered on rudeness.

His age was apparently near fifty. Though, as his name implied, of Dutch descent, there was little in his speech and less in his appearance to indicate that nationality. His dress was of a nondescript character, though it showed the hunter's and ranger's fondness for fringe and trimming. A broad, leathern belt, well-worn and greasy, encircled his blouse, and on his head was a cap of rather fanciful design for so stern a face as showed beneath it.

"We were counting strong on aid from Herkimer," remarked the scout, as the party hastened along; "and now since he's beaten, I'm afraid there's a poor chance for Stanwix. But we're going to make a stubborn fight, lieutenant—a stubborn fight, as St. Leger and his bloody crew will find out."

"And a successful one, I trust," rejoined Lionel. "And if he should be driven off, Dyke, carrying—carrying his prisoners with him"—the young soldier's voice faltered painfully—"I know you will be one to follow him with me—to Montreal if necessary."

"Yes, I promise you that," responded the ranger, heartily, knowing all that his young friend meant and feared. "And I can get two or three others as good as—"

"As good as yourself, Dyke?" interrupted Lionel, with a half smile. "Hardly that, my friend, for they're hard to find. But I know you will be glad to serve my mother and Miss Seymour."

"They've already served *me*—Lord bless 'em! and Dyke Kopinall is not one to forget his friends."

"I did not intend to remind you of any obligation to either, Dyke."

"No—no," said the gallant fellow, hastily. "But look lively, lieutenant; there may be danger close. Who goes yonder?"

The scout, suddenly sinking to the denser concealment of a thicket they had just reached, peered sharply out to discover who the individuals were whose approach his quick ear had detected, though they were not yet visible.

"Some of our own men—fugitives, I think," said Lieut. Livingston.

"You're right, sir; and badly frightened I should judge by their manner of retreat. That's the way they all marched into that ambuscade, I suppose," remarked Kopinall contemptuously. "Well, I hope they'll reach the fort. Ha! and yonder comes another party! We'll join 'em, lieutenant, if you please, and see the poor fellows in. There may be obstacles to overcome—such as St. Leger's lines to break through—and it may require close crowding to pass."

Without adding anything to the panic of the wearied fugitives from Oriskany, Dyke and his men managed to inform them of the presence of friends. Guided by the rangers, the fort was approached from a quarter that was least under the observation of the enemy, and, after some delay and difficulty, all found themselves inside.

Already the news of Herkimer's defeat was known.

The dreadful tidings threw a gloom over the defenders of the fort, notwithstanding the success of the late sortie. But Gansevoort remained unintimidated. St. Leger availed himself of the immediate terror produced by Herkimer's disasters to demand anew the surrender of the fortress. He employed every art of intimidation to increase the impression caused by the violence and cruelty of his savage allies, and represented himself as unable to restrain them, if the defence should be continued longer.

The truth was, that the British commander himself was alarmed, not only for the reputation of his arms, but for the fidelity of the Indians. They had behaved with such ferocity and insubordination in the recent combats, that he feared the worst consequences to his own men, in case the promised victories, by which he had lured the Six Nations to his standard, were not quickly won. Even in the event of the most complete success, he was apprehensive of excesses, dangerous to himself as well as to his opponents.

To St. Leger's second summons to give up the fort, Colonel Gansevoort replied as briefly and emphatically as before; so there was nothing left the former but to continue the regular work of reduction. Accordingly the siege was renewed with all the vigor that could be infused into his men.

But amid the cares of his position; with all the thronging responsibilities of commander-in-chief upon him; with ultimate triumph yet a matter of grave doubt, the English colonel had other thoughts—he had not for one moment forgotten that he held as a prisoner one whom in distant days he had loved, but wooed in vain. Like a volcano that has slumbered for ages, until grass has greened its sides, and the traces of former eruptions have been hidden, was the heart of St. Leger before that brief, wordless, startling meeting and recognition. Like that volcano when its smouldering fires are renewed, and the mountain's sides are rent in the fierce upheaval, was the heart of St. Leger now. In an hour—in a moment even—the long-hidden passion of his youth flamed up again. He thought not of honor, of mercy, of manliness, of ties that should bind him, of other ties that might bind her, nor of anything but triumph.

His bosom glowed with the suddenly-lighted fires of passion, like some foul and sulphurous furnace, whose fumes are death to every pure thing of life. He loved again as he had loved before; but the passion was more baleful than then, for now hate and bitterness mingled with it, and there was no hope, no desire, of a holy triumph. He knew that he was unmasked; but he cared not for that; he knew that he could not win; but he could ruin. He felt his power for evil, and he gloried in the prospect of using it—he would be repaid for the mortification, the pain he had one time suffered.

It was in this mood that he sought an interview with Mrs. Livingston, having first ascertained the name she now bore, and the fact of her widowhood.

He had given orders that she should be allowed every freedom within stated limits, and receive every attention from those in charge of her, but that she was to be carefully guarded, and to be permitted to hold no communication with any one outside of the place of her imprisonment.

Before we proceed to describe this strange interview, we must give our attention for a time to that zealous loyalist, Captain Wellmore Hoyt, who had learned with intense satisfaction of Edith Seymour's recovery from her illness, and thought it time to present himself to his fair prisoner, that she might be informed with what a very tender interest he still presumed to regard her.

CHAPTER XII.

EDITH AND CAPTAIN HOYT.

"Captain Hoyt desires to see Miss Seymour in the east parlor. The bearer of this will return in half an hour, and conduct her thither."

Such was the brief note conveyed to Edith by one of the tory's armed minions, the evening following the re-establishment of St. Leger's lines of investment around Stanwix.

Mrs. Livingston was with her when the message was received. The guard who brought it immediately retired, and our heroine with a paling countenance and a trembling hand read the unwelcome communication, and then handed it to her friend. Acquainting herself at a glance with its contents, the latter turned her alarmed and questioning face to Edith's still more troubled countenance.

"What will you do?" asked the elder lady anxiously.

"What *can* I do?" questioned the distressed girl.

"You can refuse to see him."

"It would not avail. I am in his power, and I know the man too well."

"We have spoken little of this Captain Hoyt since we learned that he claims you as his special prisoner. The subject is a distasteful one, but may I inquire concerning what you know of his antecedents, Edith?"

"Certainly; I forgot that you knew so little of him, though his home is not distant from yours—from what, alas! was *once* your home, I mean," sighed Edith. "He is of good family, I believe, but of ungenerous character; an enemy of my deceased father (for I think he hates him still), and a professed friend and admirer of myself."

A blush was on the face, lately so pale, of the fair girl now; but there was also a flash in her eye that would have convinced Captain Wellmore Hoyt, could he have seen it, that it was no tender feeling that crimsoned her cheeks at the mention of his name and preference.

"He must be base indeed, if he would take advantage of your misfortunes to renew his unfavored suit," said Mrs. Livingston. "But it may be that you do him injustice—he may prove more magnanimous than you anticipate."

"I fear not," sighed Edith. "He is aware of my sentiments toward him, and if he were other than a villain, he would not intrude himself upon me at such a time."

"But he may have a proposition to make—not one wholly unselfish, probably, but something that you might be pleased to hear. Thinking to ingratiate himself—"

"You do not know him, my dear friend," interrupted the maiden, a little impatiently.

"But," persisted Mrs. Livingston, "he was your father's neighbor. Surely—"

"And his enemy as well, as I have said. No, no, dear Mrs. Livingston, do not raise any hopeful expectation on the ground of sympathy, friendly feeling and unselfish kindness entertained by Captain Hoyt for me. My knowledge of his real character affords me not the slightest reason to suppose such generous sentiments are possessed by him."

"You distrust him utterly, I see," said Mrs. Livingston, despondingly.

"Yes," was the reply. And then with a sudden blaze of spirit, the fair girl continued: "But I can hardly fear one whom I so despise. Let him beware how he attempts to use his power. I am not one to meekly become his victim."

As she spoke, she looked more like the Edith Seymour of a fortnight ago. Her proud, tender face lost the paleness that her recent illness had given it; her eyes from their dusky depths flashed a light that had not lately there been seen; and her graceful figure unconsciously erected itself into an attitude of superb defiance.

Her friend beheld her a moment admiringly, and then with a countenance changing to a sadder expression, said—

"I approve your spirit, dear Edith, but if all is as you say, I tremble for you even as I do for myself."

She made no reply, except to say—

"And now I must prepare to go."

At the expiration of the half hour the captain's messenger returned, and quietly but not without painfully repressed feeling, Edith embraced her companion, and then went out.

She followed her conductor to the designated apartment, without once glancing at him to ascertain what sort of agent had been employed to guard her in her own home. It was not of him, but of that once peaceful and beautiful home—of her changed and sad surroundings—she was thinking. With a heavy, foreboding heart as she descended the foot-scarred stairway to the hall.

Everything bore marks of the recent defense, and the present hostile occupancy. The carpets had been taken up by her own servants to stuff the barricaded windows, and thus prevent the passage of bullets; but the steps were blackened and littered, the walls and ceilings of the apartments into which she glanced as she passed, were bullet-marked, and everything was in confusion. Was this indeed her late loved home, now become her prison? Was it within those walls that her dead parents had petted and caressed her?

From those blackened windows had she once looked upon peaceful scenes, undreaming of war and desolation to come? Had the gentle footsteps of loving friends pressed where now fell the heavy tread of invading foes?

The contrast between the dream-like past and the stern present was appalling. A sickening sensation of desolation crept over the heart of Edith. The opening of the door of the east parlor aroused her. The guard did not enter, but paused and motioned for her to do so, and she passed by him into the apartment.

Captain Wellmore Hoyt, there seated, arose to greet her. A sinister, smiling look of satisfaction was on his dark face, deepening into an expression of triumph about the cruel, cold mouth.

"I am happy to see you, Miss Seymour," he said, blandly. "Pray, be seated. It is by a strange progression of events, certainly, that I find myself doing the hospitalities of Seymour Hall, and you my guest."

"Your prisoner sir," said Edith, coldly. "And now may I ask, that this interview be made as brief as possible?"

"You certainly can grant me an hour or two of your society this evening."

"I have no taste for the company of an enemy of my country," rejoined our heroine sharply.

"Alas!" exclaimed Captain Hoyt, affecting to be quite shocked. "I see you have not given up your indiscreet zeal for the rebel cause. I had hoped you had exhausted your sympathy in that direction by this time."

"You know very well, sir, that my views on that subject have only strengthened, not changed, since I first entertained them."

"I am sorry to hear you make a fresh declaration of such sentiments. I am alarmed even."

"Alarmed?"

"Yes; for your sake; you seem to be so ignorant of the costliness of sympathy with a false and failing cause."

"I need not reiterate to you, sir, my faith in the final triumph of our arms; but even if I thought it were a failing cause, do you do me the discredit to think that I would desert it for that reason? As to what my sympathy has cost me, I am sure I realize that, but not to the awakening of any regret for my course."

Edith spoke grandly, and the admiring tory applauded the manner of his fair prisoner, if not her sentiments.

"*What* has it cost you?" he asked, bluntly.

"What has it *not* cost me rather, you might inquire. A father's life—the lives of friends—a harrassing anxiety for the living—are these nothing?"

"You do not mention yourself very prominently," said Captain Hoyt, suggestively.

"I place my country before my friends, and my friends before myself. Were *I* the only sufferer, I should complain but little."

"You don't mean to say that you are ready to sacrifice father, friends, your personal liberty, property and all for the sake of this accursed rebellion?"

"All," she said proudly, "if necessary. And my spirit is the spirit of many. You who have assisted to bring such misery upon the land, ought to more thoroughly understand it."

"*We* bring this misery upon the land!" exclaimed the tory, as if he thought that very preposterous. "It is not we, who remain loyal to the king, who do that—it is the rebels themselves. I am sad to see the ruin and desolation wrought, and would gladly stay the tide if I only could."

Edith looked at the man in momentary surprise. But she instantly detected a hypocritical expression in his countenance, albeit the tones of his voice had been so well modulated and his words so fair.

"Nor am I entirely powerless," he continued. "I am deep in St. Leger's favor, and he would grant me much. I could save more than one of the captured whigs of the Valley from personal suffering—perhaps death—if I were to intercede. Many of them have large material interests at stake, and of course nothing but prompt desertion of the rebel cause and adhesion to the government of the king can save them—not that always. Many have gone too far already—nothing but confiscation awaits them. You, Miss Seymour, have no prospect before you but that of poverty, in consequence of the treasonable action of your deceased father."

"Ignoring your epithet, Captain Hoyt," said the fair girl spiritedly, "you must allow me to say *that* depends entirely upon the result of the war."

"Yes—hem—yes; but—"

"But just now I am more troubled concerning my person than my property."

"Both are entirely safe with me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Edith, not at all reassured. "You are magnanimous. How can I thank you?" He did not detect the irony of her words. "I am free, then, Captain Hoyt, and my property is under your kind protection? You are very good—very generous, indeed, sir."

Captain Wellmore Hoyt was quite taken aback at this. Edith's frank assumption of his implied favor confused him for a moment, and made it very awkward to pursue the object he had in view.

"But—but there are conditions," he hastily declared.

"Ah! very hard ones, perhaps?"

"Not unless you choose to regard them as such. But you guess them, Miss Seymour, and I need hardly state them."

"It is quite unnecessary, sir," answered Edith with a sudden change of tone and manner. "I am confident that no conditions *you* could make for me, relating to the matters referred to, would prove acceptable. Will you permit me to retire now?"

"Not just yet. You must hear me first, Miss Seymour. This Hall continues yours, your estates are safe from seizure, the dependants captured with you are released, and you become once more the mistress of these premises, if you but consent to one thing."

"And that is—"

"To become my wife."

"You have entreated me to consider such a proposition before. Then you offended me; now you insult me."

Edith had risen, and made a movement to leave the room. She had spoken bravely, defiantly, for she was determined that her persecutor should know at once the hopelessness of his unmanly efforts to induce her to accept his hand. His base endeavor to profit by her helpless and sad situation served only to add disgust to her previous strong dislike of him.

A hot flush mounted to the cheeks of Hoyt as she spoke; a steely gleam shone from his eyes, and his cold lips quivered with rage.

"Girl!" he cried warningly, "you had better listen—I am not to be trifled with longer."

"Trifled with!" repeated our heroine with superb scorn. "I have not trifled with you; I was never more in earnest in my life."

"Nor I," he answered hotly. "And I now declare to you, Miss Edith Seymour, that, by fair means or by foul, I intend to make you my wife. You are proud, patriotic"—he sneered contemptuously—"and as obstinate as your father was before you (would that he were alive to behold his daughter the wife of Wellmore Hoyt;) but if you have a grain of wisdom buried among all your notions of superiority, I advise you to uncover it and keep it on the surface of your reflections. Go not the way of the fool to destruction, but choose the path of safety and security."

"Will you permit me to return to my room?" asked Edith calmly.

"You are determined to be contumacious then?"

"Mrs. Livingston will be concerned at my protracted absence."

"Mrs. Livingston has enough to concern her personally, without expending so much solicitude upon others. You find a strength and solace in each other's society no doubt. It would be well to keep you from her, I think."

Edith could not conceal the apprehension aroused by this cruel intimation.

"You would not deprive me of her companionship while we both remain prisoners?" she asked gaspingly.

"Certainly I would," he returned with cold deliberation. "It may be necessary to the success of my declared plan. I know not what mischief two such heads as yours may hatch. You could shake an empire, to say nothing of disturbing a camp, or circumventing a single individual."

There was a jeering triumph in his tones.

"You are cruel and cowardly as well as unmanly."

"Yes, yes," he answered, unmoved by her reproach. "I *have* to be, you see. I have offered you freedom, security, and the opportunity to recover much that you have lost; yet you reject all. A tender regard for your welfare compels me to act with seeming severity. You will yet thank me for what you denominate my harshness."

"I demean myself by listening to you. Again I ask to be relieved from your presence."

"You shall be permitted to see Mrs. Livingston but once more. Go, with that knowledge. Other quarters shall be found for you."

The poor girl trembled, and instead of leaving the apartment in accordance with the permission given, hesitated, with a mute appeal that Captain Hoyt well understood expressed in her countenance.

"You are not in such haste to depart?" he said, coarsely.

"Promise me that Mrs. Livingston may remain with me?" implored Edith.

"No," was his relentless answer. "Unless—"

She made a movement of haughty impatience as he was about to re-state his conditions.

"I also remain inexorable, then," he said.

The prospect of separation from Mrs. Livingston was appalling to Edith, but she saw that it was inevitable. What friend would then be left her? Whither would she be taken? She thought of Colonel Sayton.

"If you can be so cruel as to force me from Mrs. Livingston, perhaps you will grant me the consolation of an occasional interview with her and with my aged friend Colonel Sayton."

"The *fortunes of war*," answered the tory, meaningly, "may soon render your first request impossible. As to the second, Colonel Sayton is probably by this time at the fort."

"At the fort!"

"Yes; exchanged; and Mrs. Livingston's little daughter with him."

"You astound me. I saw him only a short time ago, and he said nothing of such a matter to me."

"Very likely," returned Captain Hoyt, coolly. "He *knew* nothing of it then."

"Does Mrs. Livingston?"

"Probably by this time—though by a little stratagem her child was to be taken, before she was informed of the disposition to be made of the two."

"And she was not to be permitted to say good-bye to the colonel, nor give her child a parting embrace and kiss?—perhaps the last she would ever give."

"There would have been a scene, and that wasn't desirable. The child is better off at the fort, until the place is taken—and that you know is never to be, according to rebel belief—and as Gansevoort's men captured quite a number of ours lately, to get them back an exchange was made, and the old colonel and the little girl were counted as one man. Ha! ha! Gansevoort was rather partial to the veteran, I suppose; so we got a sound man for a rheumatic rebel, of no account as a fighter, and a bit of a child."

"I rejoice that my aged friend is no longer a prisoner," said Edith, slowly, as if her thoughts were running apprehensively in another channel in connection with the matter. "And Mrs. Livingston doubtless prefers to have her little daughter with him; yet the separation must cause her great pain."

"Well, suffering of every kind during such times as these is unavoidable in a great measure. Where it *can* be avoided, I think it is a duty to do so. Now, in your own case, Miss Edith, you have only to—"

"I will leave you now, sir, if you please," said our heroine, interrupting him.

"Very well," he answered, with a gathering of his heavy flexible eyebrows. "Here, Lapley."

He had stopped to the door and called one of his waiting minions. Returning, he conducted Edith to the hall, and, bowing with scarcely disguised mockery, left her. She was escorted by the guard to the door of the apartment she had occupied with Mrs. Livingston, and with a heavy heart she met her friend. The latter had just learned of the departure of Colonel Sayton and her darling Gertie for the fort, and was in a sad state of grief and perturbation.

What a sad scene followed the re-union of the two ladies we need not relate.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. LEGER'S LOVE.

An hour later, to the same apartment in which Edith Seymour had met Wellmore Hoyt, Margaret Livingston descended, with a mortal fear in her heart, to an unavoidable interview with Colonel St. Leger.

He was not there to receive her, but entered immediately afterward. And thus they met—he the imposter lover, and she the widowed wife whom, in her radiant maidenhood, he had known.

He was strongly agitated, as could be at a glance perceived, despite his attempts at self-possession.

You know me?" were his first words. "You recognized me when yesterday we met, as I did you?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, continuing with quiet scorn, "but you were not honored in the recognition; the distrust I entertained of you years ago was proved not to have been groundless."

"Years ago!" he murmured, ignoring her scathing rejoinder. "What changes since that time!"

"Will you proceed to a statement of your object in seeking this interview, sir?" spoke the lady coldly." I am your prisoner, wholly in your power, or I should never have consented to a meeting with one who once basely deceived me, and now comes to me as if he felt not shame or dishonor."

"You are cruel, dear madam, cannot a single offence be forgiven?"

"Not of the character of yours."

"But I could explain."

"You could not to the satisfaction of an honorable woman."

St. Leger colored deeply, and a frown flitted across his swarthy brow.

"I will not attempt my defence then. I will only express a hope that bitter memories of other days will not harden you wholly against me."

"You surely do not expect me to smother my sense of the wrong you attempted, nor to withhold expression of the contempt I necessarily feel for you?"

Again the hot blood rushed to the Englishman's face, but with an attempt at lightness he replied:

"You are merciless; but some show of feeling is natural. Since you will not listen to my explanation, you place me in a very disadvantageous relation to you. But you will pardon me for saying that such is my regard for you, that I am willing to suffer any humiliation if I can only receive the light of your favor at last."

"My feelings toward you are unalterable."

"Can I in no way propitiate you?"

"Yes; you can release me. That would prove you capable of manly action yet, and for such kindness you would merit and receive my deep and lasting gratitude. I do not place myself above others in thus suggesting my liberation, but in view of the fact that you have before this done me grievous wrong, I give you this opportunity for reparation."

"You are magnanimous," he answered with a slight sneer. "You do not consider that in the wilderness such society as yours is not often found, and how hard it would be to deprive myself of it after this providential meeting. The life of the soldier is a rough and perilous one. How sweet then must be the presence of one like you, amid the cares of a siege and campaign. I admit that such associations as the latter are not congenial to woman; but the red current of war has engulfed you and cast you upon my hands. I accept the charge with gladness, trusting that you will be preserved through every danger. Indeed, with me alone is safety."

"Then why did you send my little daughter to the fort?" asked Mrs. Livingston with blazing eyes, turning full upon the officer, whose confusion was complete.

"How do you know I did?" he stammered.

Mrs. Livingston had *not* known, but she was perfectly assured of the truth now.

"With you is safety, you say," the lady continued, not noticing the useless question. "With you are danger and dishonor rather; and I demand of you, Colonel St. Leger, as an officer of the king, to transfer me to the fort."

"I cannot," he answered.

"And why do you refuse?"

"Because—because, having found you after our long years of separation, I would not yield you for a kingdom. His majesty may conquer his rebellious colonies, and though my heart has been with him in the strife, my dearest hope is now to conquer you. Not by the harsh agencies employed by tyrants to obtain control, but by the tender might of love. I loved you once—I love you still. Your heart was given to another, but now it may be mine. Reproach me—scorn me—hate me if you will; but love me at last."

"Your words are insults," she cried, indignantly. "I will not listen to them."

"You must—you shall. Arthur Bently lost Margaret Eversly, but Colonel St. Leger will not lose the radiant woman the maiden Margaret became. In spite of heaven—of hell—of earth—of everything—you shall be at last what you long ago should have been. Stanwix may fall; the Mohawk may hold not a hostile fortress on its banks; Burgoyne may march victorious till Clinton meets him; my own name may be second to my chief's—I care not now for these. Though knighthood, or the peerage even, were to be offered me, I would reject such mark of my sovereign's esteem, if my life must lead me from you."

He spoke in a glowing, impassioned strain, and it was evident that his former love had indeed revived at the sight of the woman he had supposed lost to him forever. Mrs. Livingston was sick with fear as she listened to his burning words, and realized how completely she was in the power of one who had before proved himself unscrupulous, and who now showed no diminution of his passion nor his determination.

"What the end of this will be I know not," she reflected, despairingly. "But if I cannot save myself, I can perhaps serve my country. The hour is critical, the triumph of Burgoyne is almost assured. But the garrison maintains a noble defence, and every energy of St. Leger will have to be employed to secure him victory. It may be that I can win him to vacillation, blandish him into relaxation of the siege, divert him from the stern and single purpose that should occupy him as commander of this important part of the programme of invasion. If so, I can even stoop to palter with his passion, because, oh, my precious country! I can serve thee in this hour of thy need and trial."

All this passed like an electric flash through her mind. Before she had trembled; now she was strengthened. Her face lighted with a lofty look, and she turned full upon her ungenerous lover, with the syren-like words:

"You love me!"

He misunderstood her at once. The warm, glowing light of her countenance, and the soft, changed accents of voice were very different from what he had expected. A rich, rapturous glow was added to his own expression, as he answered passionately:

"Yes, yes. And you—" The quick, panting question was unfinished; he was interrupted by the repeated words:

"You love me?"

"I do, I do; you believe me at last?"

"You love me better than you love fame?"

"Yes."

"Better than family?"

"Yes."

"Better than king?"

"Yes."

"Better than country?"

"Yes."

"And your passion is not that of an hour?"

"Has it not lived for years already!" he cried, reproachfully. "Those years are but a portion of the eternity that shall be ours together. Oh, Margaret! after the bitterness, the despair, the humiliation of the past, are you to become mine?"

She did not answer him in words. A strange, glorified look was on her face; warm waves of pulsing color beat in her cheeks, and her beauty almost startled him in its transfigured aspect. Yet she did not take the hand he offered. He did not and dared not reach for her own. He was chilled rather than encouraged, but from that moment he was under a syren spell. *He* trembled now; and the coarseness and cruelty of passion were gone. To pain her, to threaten her while she held him thus, was no longer possible. She was safe, and knew it; he was her slave, no more her persecutor.

Permit me to leave you now," she said in sweet, imperative tones; and without a word, but with a lover's most reverent look, he arose and conducted her from the room. A quick, whispered order to an attendant outside, doubtless intimated that the lady was to be permitted to proceed to her apartment without the humiliation of military attendance, for the guard resumed his pacing, and she went up the stairway alone.

She entered her room, expecting to find Edith there, but to her dismay saw that her friend was gone, leaving evidence behind that her departure was compelled and her absence more than temporary.

"Gone, gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingston in grief and terror. "How cruel to separate us thus!"

Her eye fell upon a bit of white paper that lay on the table near the dimly-burning oil lamp. She caught it eagerly, and read upon it the one brief, sad word, "Farewell."

"Oh, whither has poor Edith been taken?" she moaned. "It is the work of Wellmore Hoyt, I do not doubt. Can I induce St. Leger to compel her restoration? I fear not, though he is now less my master than my slave; but only as relates to myself and him. He would affect ignorance of his subordinate's doings. Oh, Edith, Edith! God pity thee and me! Oh, Lionel, my son, where art thou? How little or how much dost thou know of our misfortunes? Gertrude, my darling, when shall I look again in thy gentle eyes, now filled with tears for me? Oh, it is hard, it is cruel; yet for my country's sake let me not too much complain. Father in heaven, comfort me, strengthen me; but though I and my dear ones perish, let not my country also be lost."

Exhausted by her long emotion, she threw herself on a couch, and lay there, weeping and praying, until slumber gave her transient relief from her many woes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beware of the Widows.

Ah! the widows! A Springfield (Mass.) newspaper mentions that a gay fascinator of this description recently sent a notice of her own death to the local journals. It ought not to be hard for the intelligent reader to guess her object in doing so, but to prevent botheration of brains and loss of time, we may as well state at once that what the widow wanted to find out was, whether a certain young man would come to Springfield to attend her funeral. We regret to say that the experiment was a failure. The young man, with a marble-hearted depravity which causes us to blush for our sex, refused to come at all, and the widow still lives to watch and—to wait.

☞ A very unpleasant fix was that of the gent on Saturday night, who struggled manfully but hopelessly to enclose himself within a pair of tight boots while a dog fight was going on around the corner. He finally got out there in his stocking feet, but the fight was over.

☞ The London Times says Thiers is the greatest financier of the age. A lady in this city says she finds them of great assistance in bettering her financial condition occasionally, and that she can cry her husband out of a ten-dollar bill almost any damp day.

☞ Muskrats turn their tails to the north when thinking, which is said to be a sure sign of something.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE CUBAN PATRIOT;

OR,

THE PILOT AND THE SPY.

A STORY

Founded upon the romantic realities of the present bitter struggle in "The Gem of the Antilles."

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Spectre Yacht," "The Masked Spy," "Tracked Through Life," &c., &c.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to our readers, that we shall begin in our next number a finely-written novelette with the above title. We know we do not exaggerate when we say that "THE CUBAN PATRIOT" is one of the best stories yet written by its talented author, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLOSING IN.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath hath lost its faint perfume,
And the gloss hath dropped from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, though no longer fair.
—*Anon.*

The circumstance to which we have alluded as having caused so much uneasiness, not to say alarm, to Katherine and her husband, in addition to the expected visit of Philip Reynell to Harbledon, occurred while Katherine was chatting with Mrs. Armdale before that eventful dinner-party. In the midst of their gossip the tones of a voice she recognized were falling distinctly upon her ear through the open window. It was a voice she had only heard a few times before, but under peculiar circumstances, and the voice itself was curious. She recognized it in a moment. The person was reading, right under the window, as it seemed, and could be very distinctly heard.

"Who is it?" she asked.

Mrs. Armdale looked out.

"It is one of the lady's-maids," she said; "an India woman, I believe."

Something called her away at the moment, and Mr. Hastings came in.

"I wouldn't intrude for the world," he said, smiling; "but I began to think your conference would never end, and I wanted to see you before dinner. Why, my darling, what is the matter? Has the journey been too much for you? You are quite pale."

"No, I am quite well. I am puzzled and startled, that's all. Harry, there's a woman here that I once saw on trial for child murder!"

"My dear Kate!"

"I am sure it is. Hark! that woman reading under the window. Do you hear that peculiar noise almost like a whistle at every 's'? Mrs. Armdale says she's a lady's maid. Whose can she be?"

"Are you sure it is the woman you mean?"

"Sure! I should know that voice anywhere. Yes, it is the same," she added, after looking out of the window and steadily regarding the woman below. "I never could be mistaken in her. Poor thing! I pitied her very much then."

"When? Tell me about it, Kate; what had you to do with it?"

"Not much. I was in Calcutta with papa, and he was showing me the Ganges by moonlight. We were out of sight of any houses, by ourselves—dear papa, he loved to ramble about with me—and we saw a woman run down to the riverside and lay something down; she ran away so hurriedly that we thought there was something wrong, and went to look. It was a little baby, quite cold and dead."

"And did you find the woman?"

"The police peons did. Some one else had seen her as well as we had, and before we had recovered from our surprise we heard her shrieking to them to let her go. They brought her down to the edge of the river, and took the little baby away with them. I shall never forget either her face or her voice if I were to live a thousand years."

"And you saw her again?"

"Oh, yes; there was a trial, and papa and I were summoned as witnesses. She got off somehow—I don't quite remember how. Every one was so sorry for her. She wouldn't tell who was the father of the child, or say one word that would lead to his discovery.

"'I love him,' was all she would say. 'Would any woman harm the man she loves? When I want revenge on him I'll take it in my own way. Heaven will show it me if I wait long enough.' Harry, I have carried her poor, pale face in my memory ever since. Is it not odd that I should find her here in decent service? She seemed a very outcast of the streets then."

"How long is it ago?"

"About five years—not more."

"What is her name?"

"Charlotte Chapel. I remember that very well."

"We'll find out whose maid she is, dear. She won't know you again, perhaps."

"I think she would. She appealed to me so frantically to get them to let her go, though I don't think she heard my name."

The conversation was interrupted by the announcement of dinner; and on their way to the dining-room Katherine turned to her hostess.

"Whose maid did you say that woman was?" she asked.

"Which one?"

"The one that was reading just now—Charlotte Chapel."

"I don't think that's her name, if you mean the foreign woman. She's married, and I've heard her mistress call her Harriet."

"It is her name. Who is her mistress?"

"Mrs. Reynell, of Boscobel."

Mrs. Armdale could have bitten her tongue for having uttered the name, but Katherine never winced at the sound of it.

"Mrs. Reynell's maid! How did she come into her service I wonder."

"She was telling me yesterday all about her. She does not like her much, and I've a feeling that she seems afraid of her somehow. Harriet Myers—I am sure that was her name; I forget what it is now."

"I knew her under another," Katherine said, quietly. "Mr. and Mrs. Reynell are here, are they?"

"Not to-day; they are gone to Leamington. They will be here again to-night."

And the little lady gave fervent inward thanks that Mrs. Hastings had taken the tidings of Philip Reynell's vicinity so calmly, and that there would be no disagreeable *eclaircissement* attendant upon the meeting.

Katherine thought all dinner time upon the odd coincidence of the woman she had seen under such strange circumstances being maid to Philip Reynell's wife.

Was it a coincidence, she asked herself, or was it possible that Philip had known her in India, and assisted her home? Might it not be possible that he was the cause of her misfortune—the father, perhaps, of the child she had seen flung down, dead and cold, on the dark river bank? No suspicions were too wild for her to entertain now regarding Philip Reynell.

All this flashed through her mind as she sat staring blankly out into the darkness long after the bustle of the Reynells' arrival had subsided. Not a muscle of her pale face moved, not a finger stirred; she might have been turned into a living statue, so motionless was she. Wild thoughts of India, and all the old happy time there, went whirling through her brain as the stars came out one by one and looked down upon her as she sat. In fancy, she stood again by Philip's side in the rose-laden verandah at Allahabad, and heard his whispered words of love and faith; again she watched by her father's death-bed, and listened to his assertion of his belief in Philip's faith.

"Can he see me now, I wonder?" she said to herself, as the sound of voices came from the merry guests below. "Can his spirit look down upon me as I sit here, another man's wife, listening to the sound of his voice—yes, it *is* his, the only fresh one there—and mourning for my dead love? I may mourn, for it is dead and buried—a ghastly corpse of happiness gone by—and nothing on this side eternity can ever rouse it to life and light again!"

A servant entered, and respectfully asked if she would have lights. She answered mechanically, and the room was lit and the heavy curtains drawn, and still she sat there. The girl who had entered left the room noiselessly, wondering a little at the silence and apathy with which Katherine had watched her, and met Edwards in the corridor.

"Is my mistress in her room?" he asked hastily.

"Who is your mistress?" she retorted, pertly. "The house is full, and I don't know you."

"Mrs. Hastings. We came this morning."

"Yes, she is there."

"And alone?"

"Quite."

"Then I must see her. Oh, never mind going to tell her! she'll allow me to speak to her when she knows what it is about."

He brushed past her and knocked at the door, caring nothing for her audibly-expressed wonder at his presumption in intruding on his mistress in her private room. There was no response, and he knocked again, and after a moment's hesitation entered.

Katherine had not stirred. As she had stared out into the blank night, so she stared now at the heavy-curtained window, and took no notice of his entrance. He stood looking at her a moment with a face as white and eyes as blank and horror-stricken as her own, and then he spoke in a husky, agitated voice—

"Miss Kate!"

She would be always "Miss Kate" to him, and when anything moved him strongly he called her so still involuntarily. She did not answer for a moment, and he called again—

"Miss Kate!—speak to me!"

She turned and looked at him, and read in his face what his lips could scarcely utter. He, too, had seen Philip Reynell, and the memory of the old time was strong upon him.

"I understand," she said, and the words came from her lips with a harsh, grating sound, like a mocking of her own soft, musical voice. "You have seen him?"

"Yes, miss."

"So have I."

"What shall we do? What can be done?" he asked, in wild dismay. "I have thought of all sorts of things to account for what I have suffered, and for what you must have endured, but I never dreamed of this! Does he know you saw him, miss—ma'am, I mean; but my poor head seems turning around with the thought of it?"

"He did not see me. I am trying to think what I had better do," she said, wearily, putting her hand to her head. "The shock seems to have stunned me."

"He will never meet you face to face, Miss Kate, after—"

"After his treatment of me? I am inclined to think he will. From what I have heard of Mr. Reynell since he came home, from what I have seen in his face to-night, I fancy he is a man to brave anything—even a meeting with Katherine Branscombe. Oblige me by keeping silence about this for the present."

"Silence, ma'am? Am I to—"

"You are to behave as though Mr. Reynell were still the kind master you knew at Allahabad. He may not speak to you—very likely will not. I should think he would rather avoid you. As for me—"

"Yes, ma'am, what will you do? Forgive me if I am impertinent, but—"

"True interest and kindly feeling are never impertinent, Edwards; you have a right to know what I shall do. I shall meet him before all the company here, and welcome him to England. The time has not come for aught else."

A light tap at the door startled them, and Mr. Hastings entered.

"Are you coming down, Kathie, darling?" he asked. "Mr. ——" then, seeing Edwards, he stopped short in surprise. "You here!" he said; "I was looking for you just now. They told me you were out."

"No, sir."

"Don't scold Edwards, Harry," said Katherine, gently, as the servant left the room. "He wanted to speak to me, that was all. He has seen his old master, and was rather upset by it, that was all."

"And you have seen him, too, Kate?"

"Yes."

He put his arm round her and drew her toward the light, that he might see in her features how she had been affected by the sight of her old lover. Then, for the first time, he saw the death like pallor of her face.

"My darling," he said, gently, "this has been too much for you. I ought not to have let you come here."

"No, Harry, you were quite right," she murmured. "Don't mistake my feelings, dear; it is no rush of old memory that has blanched my cheek, and set my heart beating with a choking, sickening terror. No shadow of the love I bore to Philip Reynell in the happy days in India comes between me and my desire for revenge on this man!"

"Revenge! My darling Kate, I never heard you speak so bitterly before."

"Because I did not know what reason I had to speak such words. I had not looked upon this man's face and seen what reason I had to pray for revenge upon him and his. All I know till now, Harry, was that my happiness was wrecked by a man's wanton fickleness; how it was destroyed I never knew till the lamplight showed me Philip Reynell's face an hour ago."

He could scarcely understand her. He had never seen her so excited, so passionate, before. There was a fire in her eye and a repressed eagerness in her manner which puzzled him.

"Are you fit to meet him, Kate?" he asked. "Do you think you can greet him as a stranger—for you must, my dear? His wife, too, is here. Poor girl! I don't suppose she knows of your existence even."

"His wife! Poor wretch!"

"She is to be pitied, I am sure. I can see plainly enough that there is as much fear as love in her reverence for her husband. She is sadly changed from the bright, happy young creature that I saw married to him in Boscobel church."

"Poor thing! Poor thing! It does seem hard that the blow which will fall so soon and so heavily should crush her too; but it must—it will," Katherine said, dreamily. "And the child, too—the heir—Philip Reynell's heir! Ha! ha!"

She laughed—a low, bitter laugh that made her husband shiver, it was so unlike her pleasant silvery voice.

"What is it, Kate?" he asked. "Tell me what it is you have discovered."

"Not now, dear; let me think. I feel as though I must have time to see my way through it all. Take me downstairs, dear, and let me congratulate Mr. Philip Reynell on his accession to Boscobel!"

Mrs. Armdale was thoroughly happy with her house full of guests, and very glad that Philip and his wife had been away when Mr. and Mrs. Hastings arrived. Now that they had returned she began to feel a little nervous. She was quite woman enough to be curious how this meeting of the two who had been lovers once would turn out, but she was half afraid of a scene. She had heard rumors that Philip Reynell was of a violent temper, and she could not guess how much of fire might lay *perdu* under Katherine's calm exterior.

"I wish it was over," she said to herself, as she looked at Gwendoline's pale face.

The latter had grown very apathetic of late, and had changed into a worn, weary-looking woman. As long as her baby was well and thriving, she seemed to care for nothing else, and having satisfied herself on that point, she had quietly subsided into a corner of the drawing-room and taken up a book.

"And did you enjoy yourself, dear Mrs. Reynell?" asked Mrs. Armdale, taking a seat beside her, and trying to draw her out.

"Very much, thank you."

"Ah, I'm glad of that. We've two more visitors arrived since you went away."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. You know them, I suppose."

"Mr. Hastings I do. Ah, there he is," and her pale face brightened into something very like a smile as he approached her.

"I must introduce my wife to you," he said. "By the way, where is she?"

"Aye, where is Mrs. Hastings?" Mrs. Armdale added, as he went to seek her. "By the way," she said, a little nervously, "she is an old friend of your husband's."

"Of Philip's?"

"Yes."

"Indeed!"

"There'll be no *contretemps*," thought Mrs. Armdale to herself, with a slight feeling of contempt; "not the ghost of one. She hasn't spirit enough to be roused into any sort of feeling—not even bitterness against a rival. "Don't you know," she went on, aloud, "Mrs. Hastings—she is 'Simla,' the authoress, you know—was once Miss Katherine Branscombe!"

"Katherine Branscombe! Who was she?"

"Is it possible you don't know? She was the daughter of your husband's colonel out in India; a very beautiful, clever girl, I believe—anyhow, she's a splendid woman, I'm sure you'll like her."

A very beautiful, clever girl. The words seemed to burn into Gwendoline's heart, and with them the memory of the sad, pale face that had looked down upon her from the deck of the Penelope, and the miniature she had found in Philip's desk at Boscobel.

She thought of the clumsy story Sandi had told, and of many a little incident forgotten till a chance word recalled them.

"It is an old love I am going to meet," she thought, while an indignant flush mounted into her cheeks; "and he swore to me that until he saw me he had never loved any woman upon earth. Is the world made all of deceit and lies, I wonder?"

"I was mistaken," Mrs. Armdale thought, as she watched her face; "she can be roused. She's jealous. I wonder how much she knows?"

Nothing, poor little woman, beyond the fact that she had loved and trusted Philip Reynell beyond all created beings. She crushed down the big lump that rose in her throat as Mrs. Armdale spoke of Katherine, and replied, gently—

"I'm sure I shall like Mrs. Hastings very much. I've read some of her stories."

"And like them?"

"Better than any I ever read before, I think."

"My wife will be flattered, I am sure," Mr. Hastings said. "She makes no parade of her authorship, but she likes a word of honest commendation from a friend, for all that. I'll fetch her."

"I wish Philip would come," Gwendoline thought, as Mrs. Armdale left her once more to herself. "I should like to talk to him a moment before she comes down; I should like to ask him if he ever loved her, or whether it is my fancy. I wonder if he knows she's here. I must tell him."

And with a nervous dread of the coming meeting which she could not account for or suppress, she glided from the room to seek Philip. He had gone straight to his dressing-room when they came in, and had not appeared since.

Guiseppe had been waiting there for him with his usual catlike watchfulness.

"You look tired, sir," he said.

"Yes—those confounded chestnuts have nearly pulled my arms off. I am tired; but what's the matter with you, man? You look as white as a sheet—or, rather, as yellow as an orange. Have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes, sir."

The answer was very quietly spoken, and Guiseppe's hands were busy with his master's toilet arrangements, or Philip Reynell would have seen that they trembled like a leaf as he spoke.

"Whose, pray?"

"Your old servant, Edwards's."

Philip laughed—an uneasy, disturbed laugh.

"You are dreaming," he said; "Edwards is—"

"Alive, and in this house with his master and mistress."

"His master and mistress! What do you mean? Speak out for heaven's sake, and don't torture me so!"

"He is valet to Mr. Hastings, sir, who is here with his wife—the lady you knew in India as Miss Katherine Branscombe."

The valet was standing behind his master as he spoke; both their faces were reflected in the glass before them. Philip Reynell made no answer in words, but Guiseppe saw a gray change as of death pass over his face as he listened. His mouth set into rigid lines of horror, and his eyes seemed to sink into his head, and to dull with a horror that could not be spoken.

For a moment the Maltese thought that his master was going into a fit, but he rallied, and set his teeth hard, as if to choke down some desperate feeling, and grasped the edge of the table before him that he might not show the shiver that seemed as if it would shake his guilty soul out of his craven, terrified body.

"Brandy!" he gasped. "Something to warm me—quick! It's deathly cold!"

Guiseppe brought bottle and glass. Philip Reynell's dressing-room was never without such stimulants in it now, and he master drank half a tumblerful of the raw spirit at a gulp.

"That's better," he said, as he put the glass down, with a feverish flush on his face, and a glitter in his wild, hunted-looking eyes. "I declare you gave me quite a start. So Mrs. Hastings is here, is

she, and my old valet is her husband's servant? How strangely things come about!"

Guiseppe looked at his master in blank astonishment. Was he going to brave out a meeting with Katherine like this—he who had used every exertion to avoid her, who had travelled, schemed, lied, to prevent a meeting.

"It's rather unpleasant for you, sir," he ventured to say, after a pause.

"Unpleasant! It's more than that; it's what I would have gone to the world's end to avoid. I didn't behave well to Miss Branscombe, and that's a fact. I don't like the idea of meeting her, though I don't suppose her husband will call me out for having left her for him."

He spoke in a tone of reckless bravado, and Guiseppe watched his face narrowly the while.

"Will he brave it out?" he thought. "If he does, he's more pluck than I gave him credit for." Then aloud, and in a most obsequious tone, he asked, "Will you meet Mrs. Hastings, sir?"

"Meet her? Of course! Why not?"

"I thought, perhaps, the recollection of what is gone by would be too painful. I beg your pardon, sir, if I seem rude, but you are so indulgent that I am apt to speak freely, and as I feel."

"Yes, I am indulgent—a deuced deal too indulgent. Mind your own business, if you please, for the future. As to meeting this lady, of course I shall meet her. What is she to me more than any other guest in the house? See who that is."

For Gwendoline's timid little knock had made itself heard while he spoke.

"It's Mrs. Reynell, sir."

"Oh, Phil dear, may I come in?" she asked. "Everybody is asking for you down-stair, and wondering where you have got to."

"Indeed! I was not aware I was of so much importance. Well, and who is it that wants me?"

"All of them. There's an—old friend of yours come."

"Indeed! Who?"

"Mrs. Hastings."

"Ah! Have you seen her?"

"No, dear; Mrs. Armdale told me. I fancied from something she said, that you'd like to know before you met her in the drawing-room that she was here."

"Indeed!" and his lip curled scornfully. "Mrs. Hastings's presence seems to have a strange effect. Here's Guiseppe here warning me she is here, with a face as solemn as a mute at a funeral. Mrs. Hastings is an old friend of mine, one whom I shall be very glad to see again. Come along, Mrs. Reynell, I am quite ready."

He took her hand as he spoke, to lead her down-stairs, and she shuddered as she felt that, even through both their gloves, it touched her with a clasp as of ice.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FACE TO FACE.

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have speech with you: and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed. —*Shakespeare.*

Katherine and her husband were not in the drawing-room when Philip Reynell and Gwendoline reached it, and two or three among the company regarded the master of Boscobel with keen scrutiny as he entered the brilliantly-lighted room with his wife upon his arm. Dr. Gulcoli looked up from the corner where he sat, and knitted his furrowed forehead into deeper lines than ever as he scrutinized the apparently untroubled face of the man his skill and patience had restored to life and health.

"Does he know whom he is going to meet?" he thought, as Philip passed through the room with a smile and a word for all. "Will he dare face her?"

Captain Haughton was not less interested.

"Mrs. Hastings' *entrée* will make a scene, I expect," was his thought. "If he has any reason to fear her, beside the knowledge of his scoundrelly behavior to her, her being here will utterly confound him. Where can she be? I wish she would come and get it over?"

He was getting quite nervous, anticipating he scarce know what.

"Ah, Captain Haughton, you should have been with us to-day," said the voice of Philip at his elbow. "The chestnuts behaved splendidly. Even Gwendoline felt no fear, and she's very timid behind strange horseflesh."

Not a trace of fear, not a quiver of a muscle to show he knew what was coming, and the captain stared at him, wondering whether ignorance or bravado were at the bottom of his calmness.

"The captain and I stayed here to welcome some friends of his—and yours too," said Dr. Gulcoli, joining them.

"Friends of mine? Ah, yes—Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. I expected to find them here. I rather dread meeting that lady, doctor. You have heard of her, I daresay?"

"I have had the great pleasure and honor of an introduction to her," Dr. Gulcoli replied. "Mrs. Hastings is a wonderful woman, brimming over with talent, which is only equalled by her modesty. I don't wonder at your feeling rather uncomfortable at the thought of meeting her, Mr. Reynell."

"I do. I behaved very badly to her, and that's a fact; but she has consoled herself with a far better husband than I should have made, and I—well, my wife must be the only excuse I can make.

'If to her lot some trifling errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.'

I looked in Gwendoline's face, and forgot all but her. If Mrs. Hastings is happy in her marriage, she will freely forgive me."

"Happy!" said the captain, with a slight tinge of scorn in his voice. "That is hardly enough to say.

'To make earth seem heaven she hath a way,'

as Shakspeare has it. Be assured of her happiness, Mr. Reynell."

Guiseppe Santi watched his master down-stairs, and heard the door of Katherine's room, which was in the same corridor, open just as they disappeared.

"She's going down!" he murmured. "The play's beginning! I must go down and get somewhere where I can see them meet. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I wouldn't lose the sight for something!"

He glided rapidly along, and almost fell over a woman who was crouching in the shadow of a curtained alcove. It was his wife, staring with wild, terrified-looking eyes after Katherine's retreating figure.

"Get up!" he said, roughly, seizing her by the arm. "What are you doing here?"

He dragged her to her feet, and made her face him.

"What are you staring at in that mad fashion? Out with it!"

"At her."

"Mrs. Hastings?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her? What is she to you?"

"Nothing. I've seen her before—that's all."

"Out in India?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of that? You've seen other people before hundreds of times, but you don't stare at them with your eyes coming out of your head like a mad woman. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. The sight of her brought back—"

"Well, what? What mystery are you keeping to yourself? What's the secret between you and that lady? You'd better tell me. I'll have it out of you somehow."

"There's nothing between us. She doesn't know me. I don't suppose she saw me. I never saw her but twice in my life, and it was long ago and far away. Don't ask me any more about it, dear. That old time is past and gone now, thank heaven!"

"But I will ask. My wife shall have no secrets from me. I will know why my wife is afraid to meet Mrs. Hastings, and stares at her as though she were a ghost. Tell me, or I'll wring it out of you in a way you won't like!"

He laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder as he spoke, and looked at her with a quiet determination which she well understood. He was kind enough to her in a general way, but he could be very harsh, and she feared more than loved him always.

"Don't ask me," she faltered; "I cannot speak of it."

"Oh, then there *is* a secret? I thought so!"

"The only one I ever kept from you—I swear it! I cannot tell it, even if you kill me for keeping silence!"

With a rough pull he dragged her round, and putting his hand under her chin, he forced up her drooping head.

"Look at me!" he hissed; "straight into the eyes, and lie if you dare! Does this secret which you, my wife, keep from me, concern *him*?"

"Yes."

He pushed her from him with a low, bitter laugh.

"Keep it," he said, "and welcome; it won't be a secret long if he has to do with it. The end is coming. To-night sees the beginning of it."

He turned upon his heel and left her, shrinking and trembling, in the loneliness of the long corridor.

"I can guess," he thought to himself. "I could read the shame in her face; but what has Mrs. Hastings to do with it?"

Harriet rose from her crouching position where her husband had left her, and looked after him. She was shivering with real physical cold, very often the successor to fear or agitation, and she pulled the curtain round her for warmth.

"I would be a good wife to him," she said to herself, "if he would let me. I'm wicked enough, heaven knows, but I'd blot out all the past and begin afresh, if he'd only trust me. I cannot love him—I can never love anybody again in this world—but I'd do my duty. There's comfort in that, sometimes, though it's only a cold one."

Katherine never faltered nor trembled, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she approached the drawing-room door. It was well for her, and she felt it with silent gratitude, that she had a husband's arm to lean upon. In her former forlorn, unprotected state, a meeting with Philip Reynell would have overcome her altogether. Now she had a set purpose in her mind, and she was resolute and firm. She had seen the master of Boscobel, and the sight of him had nerved her to punish him, and avenge her slighted love—how, she had scarcely determined yet.

"I will force him to speak to me," she thought, as they went down the broad, carpeted stairs. "If there is any scene it will be his doing, not mine."

Her hand never quivered on her husband's arm, nor a muscle of her beautiful face moved, as the servant threw open the door and they entered the brilliantly-lighted room. The night was hot, and the French windows stood open, letting in the scent of the roses with a whiff that reminded her of Allahabad.

"Will he try to escape me?" she thought, as she glanced round the bright room.

He had thought of it, apparently. He stood, with his elbow on the mantlepiece, looking down at the bank of flowers that filled the fireplace, and talking with a smile on his lips to Dr. Gulcoli. Gwendoline stood near them, waiting anxiously for Katherine's entrance, while Captain Haughton and his sister watched the whole party rather nervously. Gwendoline was not looking her best; she was pale, and seemed anxious and *distrait*, and the light blue dress she wore made her appear more wan and ethereal than she usually was.

Katherine, on the contrary, had never looked more regal; her eyes had never been brighter, nor her cheeks flushed with a more lovely tint. She wore a dress of pure white silk, which hung about her in soft, graceful folds. Hanging sleeves of costly lace covered her rounded arms, and a single crimson rose nestled in the braids of her dark hair. Captain Haughton looked from her to Philip's wife.

"And he could turn from that magnificent creature to her!" he said to himself. Where could the charm lie? "There is Mrs Hastings, Reynell," he said, aloud, and Philip turned and confronted the woman he had so cruelly wronged.

Face to face they stood under the soft radiance of the lamps, with the light shining full upon them, and eager eyes watching them on every side. Katherine's bright color faded till she was as white as the silk she wore as Philip came toward her, but there was a look in her eyes that a man would hardly care to see in those of a woman he loved. She looked her faithless lover steadily in the face, and his eyes fell before her cool, unflinching gaze; but he did not flinch. He advanced with outstretched hand, and a voice that did not tremble said:

"I am very glad to meet you, Mrs. Hastings."

She took no notice of the proffered hand, but looked steadily in his face, as she bowed slightly.

"I am very happy to have met Mr. Philip Reynell," she said, in a tone of bitter, unconcealed scorn, and then, turning away from him, she made her husband introduce her to Gwendoline.

And this was all. The guests saw nothing but that an anticipated scene had passed over quietly. Guiseppe watching outside among the shrubs, saw nothing but that his master had met an old friend in a very quiet and agreeable way.

"Have I been mistaken?" he asked himself, as he returned to his room. "Have I been going on a wrong tack all this while? My eyes could not deceive me, and I have seen past all mistake a hundred times. Is he the devil, and has he bewitched her? I looked for their meeting to end all, and she has met him without even surprise."

Dr. Gulcoli was even more surprised than Guiseppe at Katherine's calmness.

"Have I wronged him," he thought, "all this while?" Is there nothing more to lay to his charge than a young fellow's faithlessness to his betrothed? No; I am sure I am not mistaken. Mr. Philip Reynell is what I take him to be—a thoroughpaced scoundrel; and if I am not mistaken, he is a coward as well."

Katherine's manner to Gwendoline was very different to her *hauteur* to her husband. She felt sorry for the timid, shrinking little woman, who seemed as though she dreaded something, she scarce knew what, and was specially afraid of the magnificent Mrs. Hastings. Philip Reynell watched their conversation with interest.

"Nothing disagreeable," he thought, as he saw his wife smile. "What does she mean? I must be on my guard. Mischief was in her eyes as she looked at me just now."

Katherine asked Gwendoline many questions about her baby and her presents, and heard from her all about the loveliness of Boscobel, and many an incident of Philip's life since his return to England. Poor confiding little wife, her pride and glory in her husband was not killed by his coolness.

"I am glad you like my wife, Mrs. Hastings," said Philip's voice, as Gwendoline turned away to speak to some one else.

"Sir!"

The tone of intense disgust startled him. It was to be war between them, then? He bent nearer to her, and said, in a low tone—

"I have much to answer for, I know; but it has turned out well for you. Her beauty and the excitement of coming to my inheritance must plead for me. I was both cowardly and false; but as things have come about so well, let us at least be friends."

She turned upon him now, her eyes glowing, and every nerve in her body quivering with rage and indignation. The scorn of her voice was terrible to hear as her words fell low and clear upon his ear.

"Leave me!" she said; "never dare to set foot in my presence again! Utter one word to me while we are fated to be under this roof together, and I will scatter your boasted prosperity to the winds. I will tear off the mask of deceit and lies behind which you live, and show you to the world in your true colors."

"Hard words break no bones. Whatever you say will be but words. Who will credit what a slighted woman chooses to say against the man she once loved?"

"Are you mad, that you dare defy me? Go! I swear the first word you speak to me after this night shall be the signal for your own ruin. There are guests here who have only waited for my coming to denounce you. I have but to say one word, and justice will lay her fingers on you."

"Mrs. Hastings," said the voice of Dr. Gulcoli, from his quiet corner, "we want you to decide a knotty question."

"Certainly, if I can."

He had been watching the pair as they talked, and had not lost an action or expression of either of them.

"Haughton is gone somewhere. Mr. Armdale and I have been having a discussion. Perhaps you, as a soldier's daughter, can settle the question."

"Let me hear it."

"It is only about the branding of disorderly characters in the army. This gentleman says that men turned out for bad conduct in India are not marked till they get home. I say that they are branded out there."

"Mr. Reynell should be better authority than I am," she replied. "I had nothing to do with regimental affairs."

"Perhaps Mr. Reynell will tell us?"

"'Pon my life I can't," he replied, with a forced laugh. "Such a thing never happened to any one I know."

"You must have forgotten your soldiering strangely," Katherine said. "I can answer your question, doctor—they are marked there, and with a mark that can never be eradicated."

"You are learned on the point, Mrs. Hastings," Phillip said, with a sneer.

"I am on most points that interested me in India," she replied, quietly. "I know what the 'B. C.' mark is like, and how it is made. Our regimental doctor explained it to me. You know him, doubtless? He came to ours from the 7th Hussars just before you left—Doctor Wilton."

"I remember him," was the reply, and, do what he would, Philip Reynell could not make his voice otherwise than husky and hoarse.

"He was present at the branding of a man of his regiment the very day before he left it—a man who finished his regimental career by striking his captain. You've heard him speak of it—the man's name was David Burroughs."

She never took her eyes off him. Stern, clear, and unflinching, she looked in his pallid face.

"Yes, I know. I chose that very man for my servant. He died at Malta."

"I have heard all about it from Doctor Gulcoli. He is naturally curious about our English brand. Doubtless he wondered what it was."

He ground something that sounded like a curse between his teeth, and turned abruptly on his heel. Reminiscences of this sort were evidently unpleasant to the lucky Philip Reynell. Gwendoline crept timidly to Katherine's side, and took up the conversation about the mark, and other regimental topics.

"Philip never tells me anything," she said. "He always says the service was a bore and a nuisance."

"He never used to think so," Katherine replied, quietly, and answered all Gwendoline's questions with sincere pity for her helplessness.

"Poor little thing!" she said to herself, as she parted from her at bedtime. "The blow must come—I cannot help it. It is as well she should have all the preparation I can give her."

The sleep of some of the guests and servants at Harbledon was disturbed that night. The bell from Philip Reynell's was violently rung, and the news that Santi and his wife brought from thence after obeying its summons was, that Mrs. Reynell was in violent hysterics, and very ill.

She had been dreaming, her husband said; but the valet and his wife both asserted, that it must have been a very terrible dream—for that their mistress seemed like a woman stricken with mortal fear.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GWENDOLINE'S DREAM.

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and fate is kind
In concealing the days of sorrow.
—*Hood.*

Whatever Gwendoline's illness was caused by, it was evident that she was ill, and her husband could not make it out any more than any of the other guests at Harbledon.

"What does ail you?" he asked, the next morning, when they were ready to go down stairs, and he marked the traces of fresh tears in her heavy eyes.

"Nothing," she said, faintly, and the tears fell again.

"Nothing! And you cry at the sound of my voice like a great, overgrown baby. Was it nothing that made you rouse the whole house with shrieks in the middle of the night?"

"I was ill, Philip—indeed I was. I'm better now. It was what I dreamed—that was all."

"And what did you dream? Come, Gwenny, I don't want to be cross with you, but I've worry enough without your turning fanciful and nervous. What was it that frightened you in the night?"

He put his arm round her as she spoke, but she drew herself away.

"Don't touch me," she said, with quivering lips. "I know you have enough to worry you without my adding to it; I never knew how much till last night. Let me go home; this is no place for me."

"Go home!"

"Yes."

"To Boscobel—by yourself?"

"No, not to Boscobel; home to the rectory. I can hide myself there with my baby, and trouble no one in this world any more."

She spoke very quietly, but there was a wild glitter in her eyes that made him feel nervous.

"What do you mean?" he said, roughly. "Are you mad?"

"I have been wondering for the last few hours whether I am or not," she said, in the same quiet tone. "I don't think I am. I think that my dream has made all things clear to me. I understand now why you never gave another thought to that beautiful lady yonder after you came to England, why you married me, why you were afraid to meet your old servant—for it was fear, Philip—and I can guess at the mystery of the Ladye Passage. Do you remember the day I found you standing by it, and heard the groans that came up from the darkness below?"

"Stop!" he said, in a low, hissing voice, and with unutterable rage upon his face. "Have a care how you talk to me like this! What have you done? What has your dream shown you? Out with it, or I'll make you speak in a way you won't like, Mrs. Reynell!"

He laid his hand on her shoulder, and shook her till the marks of his heavy fingers showed on her white skin through the thin muslin dress she wore.

"You would kill me, perhaps," she said, in the same quiet tone. All her meek fondness for him seemed to have vanished. "It might be as well. I should be out of your way effectually then. Can you not guess what I dreamed last night? I was a fool to cry out. I should have kept the knowledge to myself, and used it; but I loved you, heaven help me!"

"Loved! Do you speak of it in the past?"

"I do—a past never to be recalled. Listen! I dreamed last night, that I saw—"

"Lower!" he hissed, "speak lower! The walls have ears in this cursed place!"

She lowered her voice and whispered what she had to say, and he laughed scornfully.

"You have had your mind poisoned by your new acquaintance," he said, with a sneer. "'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,'" some one says; Mrs. Hastings has reason to be bitter enough against me. I hardly thought she would try and come between me and my wife."

"Mrs. Hastings never said one word about you at all in any way."

"She had better not; she'd repent it if she did. Look here, Mrs. Reynell, I've a word in season for you. You are my wife, and I fancied you loved me."

"Fancied! Oh, Philip!"

"Well, we'll say for the sake of agreement that you did. You have just done me the honor to tell me that your love is a thing of the past. Being so, I may speak plainly to you. Please to recollect that you are my wife in spite of any dreams or fancies you may choose to have. You swore at the altar to 'love, honor, and obey,' and as long as we both live you shall do it. Dare to utter one word of what you have just now told me to any one else, or to make a single move toward leaving this place without me, and it shall be your last act on earth. Do you understand me?"

"Would you murder me, Philip?"

"When you disobey me you shall find out," he replied, sternly. "You don't look very fit to come down to breakfast. I will apologize for you. Make yourself respectable by luncheon-time, and weigh what I have said, and keep your tongue still. A desperate man doesn't stop to argue with those who stand in his way."

He flung out of the room, and closed the door with a bang, and Gwendoline sank down on a couch, utterly overcome and bewildered. The whole warmth and pleasure of her life had slipped away from her in one brief moment, and left her out in the bleak, cold darkness, desolate and alone. Oh, if she could only get away, she thought—only get back to dear old Mrs. Nottley, her second mother, and pour out all her troubles into her sympathizing ears. Perhaps she could get away with her baby, dressed like some peasant woman, and reach Boscobel unknown to any one. Wild thoughts of trying this scheme flashed through her mind as she lay with her hands pressed over her eyes, as if to shut out all light, sense, and hearing. Then came the remembrance of the threats her husband had expressed, and she shivered with cold and fright.

"He will kill me!" she murmured. "He will keep his word! I saw it in his eyes. Oh, what will become of me, and baby too?"

She burst into passionate tears. Hers was a weak nature, and could relieve itself in that way, and her maid, entering soon after, found her sobbing hysterically.

Very quietly and gravely she attended to her suffering mistress.

"I wish I could cry like that," she said to herself; "but I can't. It burns and burns here at my heart, and all the rest of me seems turned to stone."

She brought Gwendoline some breakfast, and pressed her to eat, and was much gentler than her wont with her stricken mistress, whom she rather despised than otherwise in an ordinary way.

"Thank you, Harriet—you are very kind," Gwendoline said, when at length, her agitation subsided, she sat up and took some tea. "But how pale you are! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, ma'am, thank you— I am quite well."

Harriet was indeed pale; her face looked as deathly as a corpse.

"You don't look so."

"I had a little shock last night, ma'am, and I couldn't sleep—that is all."

"Last night! Every one seems to have been frightened last night." Gwendoline said, nervously. "What shocked you?"

"Seeing Mrs. Hastings, ma'am."

"Seeing *her!* Do you know her?"

"I met her out in India, ma'am, at a very painful time of my life—a time I can't bear even to think of—and it gave me quite a turn to see her here; it seemed to bring the whole thing back to me somehow."

"Poor Harriet," said Gwendoline, kindly, "I can guess; you knew Mrs. Hastings at the time that somebody out there disappointed you, did you not? I don't want to be inquisitive, but I've gathered from yourself that you were disappointed out in India."

"Disappointed! Yes, ma'am, as cruelly and bitterly as ever woman was. Mine was a shameful story, Mrs. Reynell; I ought to have told it you, but I wanted a place, and my former mistress knew nothing about it."

"And I don't want to know," Gwendoline said, kindly. "Let the past die; I will make it no business of mine. You have behaved well to me, Harriet, and I have nothing to do with anything else."

She laid her little hand on the woman's arm as she spoke, as if to give weight to her words, and Harriet touched it respectfully with her lips.

"Heaven bless you for those words, ma'am," she said, "and for your kindly sympathy. I've been a bad woman in my time, but I'll serve you from this hour as you were never served before."

"Heaven knows how soon I may need true service," murmured her mistress. Then a sudden thought striking her, she asked her maid, "Was it a soldier who deceived you out yonder?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What was his name?"

Harriet paused for a moment, and looked scrutinizingly at her mistress. There was nothing in the pale, sad face but simple curiosity to have her question answered, so she replied, calmly—

"David Burroughs, ma'am."

"I understand," Gwendoline replied. "The man who was dismissed the service in disgrace, who was branded with B. C.—the man who died in Malta. You know he died there?"

"Surely, ma'am."

"Ah, it is the happiest thing to die, I think. Give me that smelling-bottle, Harriet; I am faint and sick."

But before Harriet could reach her mistress she had fallen back on the sofa in a swoon that was fearfully like death.

"Poor creature!" the abigail said to herself, as she applied restoratives, and did what she could to bring her back to life again. "It is beginning to fall upon her as it has fallen upon me; the end is very near now."

She undressed her mistress and put her to bed, for it was very evident that she was not fit to sit up, and yielded to her entreaties that her baby should be brought to see her, and then, having left the nurse with her, went in search of Philip Reynell. He had apologized for his wife's non-appearance, had promised that she should be down by luncheon time, and chatted with the rest of the guests as gayly as if there were no care on his mind beyond Gwendoline's slight ailments.

He did not attempt to greet Katherine with more than a slight bow, which she returned as slightly, and took no further notice of his presence.

The breakfast passed off cheerfully, Dr. Gulcoli making his appearance when it was half over. Indeed, Philip had already left his seat, and was strolling out through the open window when the voice of his old friend stopped him.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Hastings," he heard him say. "I am glad you are down. I was fearful you might not be well this morning."

"Quite well, thank you, doctor. Do I not look so?"

"You look like the freshest rose outside there," was his reply.

"Bravo, doctor!" said Mrs. Armdale, from behind the tea-urn, where she sat all frills, and flounces, and smiles, pouring out tea and coffee; "you are growing quite civilized and complimentary. One of our party is by no means like a rose this morning. Poor Mrs. Reynell is very unwell."

"I am sorry to hear it. Can I be of any service?"

"No, thank you," said Philip, shortly. He had re-entered the room and shaken hands with the doctor. "It is nothing! My wife is not very well, and had a fit of hysterics, caused by a dream in the night—that was all. A little rest will quite restore her."

"Dreams are ugly things and very real sometimes," the doctor replied, and Philip felt that somehow he could not say any more on the subject of Gwendoline's dream.

"I want you to give me half an hour to-day, doctor," Katherine said, presently, "all to myself. I have something to say to you."

Her eye sought her husband's as she spoke, and a troubled look passed over his face, but he seconded her words.

"Katherine has a difficult question puzzling her," he said, "and she wants to have your opinion on the subject. It is a question only you can answer."

"Will to-morrow do?" he asked.

"To-day will do better."

"I am going out. I have just been invited by telegram to a meeting in Birmingham, which I should not like to miss. To-morrow I will be at your service all day, if you like."

"Thank you; I will wait."

"Twenty-four hours," thought Philip Reynell to himself; "only one day and night. Pshaw! What a fool I am! Kingdoms have been won and lost in less time. The game is in my hands, Mrs. Hastings—I may checkmate you yet."

His wife's maid met him just as he had bidden good-bye to the doctor, who was driven away in a trap to the station.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"Nothing; only that your wife is very ill," she said, shortly. "If you don't want all your affairs blabbed in delirium to the whole house you'd better go and see after her, that's all."

"Ill! I left her better."

"And I left her worse. You're a fool, Philip Reynell! Why can't you command your temper? A kind word from you would have made her your submissive slave, no matter what her dreams might be, and you must threaten to murder her, poor little soul, as if you had not wronged her enough already."

"Were you listening?"

"What if I were?"

"Take care I don't do for you what you say I threatened to her. I've been tired of you and your bitter tongue for some time—don't provoke me to silence it altogether."

"I'm not afraid of you—you're too great a coward to put your neck in a halter. Don't you think it would be as well to show some little interest in your wife—her dream has frightened her into a fever, or I'm much mistaken?"

Something had evidently. Gwendoline was muttering and talking to herself in a flushed, excited sort of way when her husband went to her room. The nearest doctor had to be summoned with all speed, but before he came it was easy to see that the illness was serious.

He said he feared brain fever, and inquired if Mrs. Reynell had had any shock. Mr. Reynell said "No," and held up a warning finger to Harriet, who did not contradict him by a word.

"See you nurse her yourself," he whispered, as he left the room with the doctor. "Don't let any prying, long-eared woman into the room. I'll make it worth your while."

"You may trust me," she answered, and he felt that he might.

Great sympathy was expressed for Philip, and anxiety displayed for poor Gwendoline, who knew no one, and whose shrill voice was soon heard raving in delirium by those who had occasion to pass her door. The ladies went and looked at her, and proffered help—they could do no more—and Harriet thanked them, and said she wanted no assistance.

"It is unfortunate," said Guiseppe to his master, when dressing him for dinner.

"Unfortunate! That's a light word to use. It is devilish! I can't go away and leave her, and yet—"

"Go away! Leave her! Meaning my mistress, sir?"

"Yes. Don't stand staring at me like a fool! But for this, I should have left this place to-night. It's not a pleasant thing to be continually in the pillory before a lot of people because I changed my mind about a woman who's ten thousand times better off as she is."

"Certainly not, sir. Will you go down, sir? There's nearly half an hour yet to the second bell."

"No, I'll stay here. I want to be alone a bit. Take care I am not interrupted—do you hear?"

"Very good, sir."

And Guiseppe did not interrupt his master; he only watched him.

Katherine went up to her room early to dress. She felt an almost unnatural power and strength upon her with the excitement of the previous evening.

"To-morrow," she murmured; "to-morrow will end all. He cannot go now, and I read in his face that he meant to when the doctor put me off till then. Oh, Philip, Philip, that it should come to this! I may weep for my love now—I never could before."

She dismissed her maid when she was dressed, and lay down on her couch, feeling very dreamy and quiet with the heat. The window was open, letting in the soft scent of a thousand flowers, the hum of bees, and the twittering of birds, and she felt her senses gradually succumbing to the pleasant influences of the quiet time. She heard her husband enter his dressing-room and the tread of feet in the lobby outside, and then she seemed to sleep and dream a curious dream, from which she started, paralyzed, to a reality of horror that no dream could portray.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW LIFE IN NEW LANDS. Notes of Travel. By GRACE GREENWOOD. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. In this new volume, the gifted authoress treats of Chicago as it Was, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California, her Homeward Journey, and California in Autumn, in a series of interesting and sparkling letters. Our readers will find them very pleasant reading indeed. The late Mr. Seward is said to have characterized the account of the Mormons and Mormonism as the most graphic and trustworthy he had ever read. Altogether the book is worth buying. Price $2.00.

STAR PAPERS; OR, EXPERIENCES OF ART AND NATURE. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. The original edition of Star Papers, issued in 1855, was exceedingly popular, reaching a sale of over 25,000 copies. The book, often inquired for, has been out of print for some years, and is now re-issued with about thirty additional papers. Mr. Beecher, in his preface to the present edition of these papers, says: "In literary form, they have been as unartificial as possible. They have sprung out of a life of rushing activity as bubbles form on a mountain stream; for, as bubbles catch the shapes and colors of rocks, trees, and sky, reflect them for a moment, break and pass away, so these may give a moment's brightness to some solitary hour, even if they go out with one reading." Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price $1.75.

MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS By Mrs. H. W. BEECHER. This volume embraces eighty-seven brief articles on topics of Home Interest, and about five hundred choice receipts for cooking, &c. Mrs. Beecher's notion of woman's sphere is "that, whatever exceptional women may accomplish, the place of labor and achievement for most women, and for all married women and mothers, is Home." And the object of this book is to help the inexperienced to make agreeable, well regulated and happy homes. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price $2.

LORD HOPE'S CHOICE.—By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "The Old Countess," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price $1.75.

THE GEOLOGY OF THE STARS.—By PROF. WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. Price 25 cents.

THE GALAXY.—The May number contains articles by Justin McCarthy, Thurlow Weed, Gen. Custer, Carl Benson, Mrs. Annie Edwards, L. Clarke Davis, Gideon Welles, &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE SANITARIAN.—A Monthly Journal devoted to Sanitary Science. Edited by Dr. BELL, and published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.

CHRISTIANITY BEFORE THE TIME OF CHRIST: with Quotations from the ancient sages and fathers, showing the historic origin of Christian Worship. By M. B. CRAVEN. Published by Barclay & Co., Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW. The April number contains articles on Far-West Enterprise, The Progress of Curative Art, Character in Writers, Italy's Safety Valve, &c. There are also Departments relating to Mining and Metallurgy, Insurance, Railways, Patents, Arts, &c. Published by Review Publishing Company, corner of Walnut and Fourth streets, Philadelphia.

A MANUAL OF GESTURE; embracing a Complete System of Notation. By ALBERT M. BACON, A. M., Professor of Elocution. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. Price $1.75.

☞ A little boy ran into the house the other day, crying at the top of his voice because another little boy wouldn't let him put mud on his head with a shingle. Some children are just like their parents, no accommodation about them.

SUFFERERS from Scrofula and Scrofulous affections, clean up! Why wear your Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sore? Why have the life twisted out of you by Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and Gout? Why suffer Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases to rot the bones in your body, or the flesh off your bones? Why let your sluggish blood drag, and scatter its distempers through your veins? AYER'S COMP. EX'T OF SARSAPARILLA cures these complaints, and cleanses them out of the system. Use it faithfully, and you bring to society a healthier, cleaner, and far more acceptable member.—*Democrat, Baltimore, Md.*

Stammering cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. They received medals at the London, Paris and New York Exhibitions. For pamphlet and drawings describing the same, address Simpson & Co., Box 5076, New York. mh29-3m

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,
CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,
KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER
COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,
AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;
CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.
nov2-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $3.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy of THE POST *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 97 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.60; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to the order of the Saturday Evening Post*.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

A MISSION.

It has always seemed to me an infinitely beautiful thing to try to lift up the fallen, the unhappy, and the degraded of the human race. Especially is it a holy work to gather up the wretched little outcast children, to lift them tenderly out of the slough of degradation, and bear them gently up to a higher plane of civilization. There is no work holier or diviner than this. I never had much faith in the regeneration and reformation of old sinners. It is too much like the homely old saying of teaching an old dog new tricks. (I admire homely old things.)

But with the tender little children it is different. The Master took dear little children in His arms and blessed them. It is somehow a fancy of mine that since that day, among true believers, there must be a kind of sweet sacredness about all little children. So the work of civilizing the world, if it begin at all, must begin with the children. Also, when the Master bade the guests to His wedding-feast, He sent into the streets and highways, and called the poor, the lowly, the dirty, the lame and the wretched. Among the lowly, the wretched, and the poor, it is most fitting that His followers should work.

Last Sunday we visited a famous Mission Sunday-school. I always believed—I believe still, to be sure—that a Mission Sunday-school would be of more benefit to a State than a Penitentiary. And this Mission Sunday-school we visited, has a famous name. We had read a late report about it which was eloquent and long-winded enough for a sermon on the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness. A "report" is one of the fine arts, whether it be of an insurance company, a Credit Mobilier, a lunatic asylum, or some other humbug. We were quite taken with the report we read of this Mission School. In point of fact, we were taken in. It read beautifully, that report did. It was as smooth as a string of obituary resolutions. There wasn't a wherein or a therefore left out. It told a thrilling tale of how the Lord had blessed the mission through His humble instruments. It said that their plans were the best that had come to their notice, in the practical work of charity. It said they had distributed 51,000 pages of tracts during the past year. It said too that in the Mission School a band of devoted Christian workers, with loving hearts and cheerful smiles, at a great personal sacrifice, trained some three thousand people, old and young, in the simple, but sublime doctrines of the Christian religion. And the report could not guess what holy, restraining influences were thrown around those three thousand *lives*, to "illumine their pathway in the days of darkness and sorrow."

If some tremendous giant, forty times as big and broad as Hercules, were to take an immense sickle and cut away at one blow all the humbug there is in the world, how much of the world would be left?

Indeed, would I be left myself? I have my doubts. At any rate, about three-fourths of that Mission Sunday-school would vanish faster than a ghost when it mothinks it scents the morning air. Devoutly believing every word of that report, prepared to enthusiastically admire everything I saw, I did without my dinner one Sunday and went to that Mission School, o' purpose to write it up for THE POST.

The eloquent report said that three thousand people attended the school. One of the teachers told us that two thousand attended. We went and found that there was one thousand and two in attendance. But it may have been a bad day for children. Doubtless that mission school does much good. Nobody is denying that, mind you. But I never had the breath knocked out of my expectations worse in my life, than when I went and visited the school for myself. It doesn't do a fourth part of the good it might do. Possibly I couldn't appreciate it. Very likely. An old Spanish legend relates how, in a certain great battle, the blessed St. Iago, the patron saint of Spain, appeared fighting in the hottest part of the combat, clad in complete armor, and riding on a snow-white steed. Divers knights and gentlemen beheld the miracle with their own eyes, and testified to the prodigies of valor which the saint performed. But one tough old knight couldn't see it. Sir Bernal Diaz del Castillo, not for a moment doubting or disbelieving the miracle, having implicit faith in the reality of the apparition, confessed that, because of his wickedness, it was not granted his eyes to behold the blessed St. Iago, saying humbly—

"Sinner that I am. What am I that I should have beheld the blessed apostle!"

So with me. I'm afraid it's because I'm not so good as I might be, that I couldn't see into the miracles of good wrought by that mission school. We entered at the appointed time. The sight of all those thousand queer—many of them wretched-looking people, produced a most singular and not pleasant impression upon one's mind. Fancy an innumerable pack of dirty, unkempt, gum-chewing street gamins who don't smell good. Besides the street gamins, there were numbers of forlorn grown people of all the ages of grown people. They have an old women's class and an old men's class. There a dirty old man of seventy with a bad hat and a brandy nose glides in and takes his place in the old men's class. Here a hideous old crone with a huge, fearfully repulsive goitre, hobbles in on her cane, and goes to the old woman's class. Behind her comes in a woman carrying in her arms the weest, tiny baby in life. Several mothers come in bringing babies in arms. Just in front of you sits a woman who looks as if she had escaped from a lunatic asylum. Her dress is as crazy-looking as her face. Her hair is short and scanty, and rolled on each side into one forlorn, poor little stringlet, perhaps the dim remembrance of a relic of bright curls, bright hopes, and youthful happiness. Who knows? The poor creature cried when the children sang. Here a dirty-faced young one sidles in with a queer hitch which makes you think she is lame, until you see that she is holding under her apron a great chunk of biscuit, which she is trying to hide from the eye of the superintendent. They are a queer lot, those people. They are not pretty to look at. They are not pretty to remember when you don't look at 'em. But the Lord made 'em. They are exactly the sort of people who ought to be gathered up and brought into a mission school, just the kind the Master cared for, you know. But do they get any real lasting good from the school? Is the kind of instruction they get profitable to them or to anybody else? I don't know. I only give you my impressions of it.

The superintendent reads a scripture lesson. Meanwhile teachers and scholars keep straggling along in till the school is more than half over. If any of the scholars come in while the saintly superintendent is reading the Bible, the sexton stops them and makes them stand in a corner till the reading is over. If any of the teachers come in while the reading is going on, they pass on to their seats. There's a practical lesson for you! It's abominably mean to make one rule for scholars and another for teachers who are guilty of exactly the same misdemeanor. I wonder what the ragged little children think of that sort of business? During this same Scripture lesson, some richly-dressed ladies came sweeping in with their velvet cloaks and silken trains. They were strangers and visitors. They passed in and found seats. Immediately behind these sweeping grand ladies came another stranger and visitor. I suppose her soul was as white as those of the grandly-dressed women maybe. But this stranger and visitor was a wretchedly ragged and dirty old woman, with a worn-out pair of man's shoes on her clumsy old feet, and a bonnet which looked as though it had been fashionable fifty years ago, and had hung up in a smokehouse ever since. The woman must have been seventy years old. And that old woman was stopped at the door and made to stand in the corner among the tardy scholars. I don't know when I've had anything make me feel worse than that did.

There's a lesson in republicanism for you!

Then they all stood up—and a not very brilliant preacher made a rattling prayer about blessing folks. After that the class exercises began, still with the lazy teachers straggling in. It was enough to make anybody feel ashamed for them. The women came swelling in with their sweeping trains and rich laces, very grand indeed. Now, it's only a whim, but it always appeared to me that very rich people oughtn't to wear their best clothes when they go on errands of charity among very poor people. I don't see how it can help making the poor souls feel more forlorn than ever, as well as ugly and hateful toward the rich people who take such occasions to air their silks and jewels. I'm sure I'd feel that way myself.

The sight of those poor children's faces made one's heart ache to give them all happy homes, good dinners, and pretty clothes. In spite of all the traditions of poets and other people, it is a fact that children's faces are almost never merry-looking and careless. I've often noticed that before. They are mostly serious, for this life is a hard knot to the little folks. The poor children's faces in this school were sorrowful to see. Their foreheads were knit together with a look of painful thought. Their faces were nearly all thin, intense, and careworn, sharpened to an almost razor-like keenness by their all too early contact with poverty and sorrow. Poor children! poor children! How I wish they were all happy and clean, and good, and fat! And I very sincerely hope that this Mission School will do its share to make them so. But might it not do a great deal more? Truly it seems so to me.

ZIG.

To the Young Men.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods Generally she is not rich. But oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, and pure and womanly! When you see it, you wonder if these showy things outside were really women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million. She'll not ask you for a carriage, or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how very little happiness depends upon your money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute) and teach you how to pity while you scorn a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich and vainly tries to think itself happy. Now do not, I pray you, say any more, "I cannot afford to marry." Go find the true woman and you can! Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

A Beautiful Retrospect.

When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past year grow deeper and deeper as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back through the vistas of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter, or hearts to rejoice with us, and friends who have been gathering around our fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the bright sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of age.

SUNSET.

Die out from the west, O golden sun;
The last bright shaft from thy quiver is flung:
And the gray fog curls from the lowlands up
And floweret and blossom fold sheath and cup;
While solemn and slow o'er the silent air
The lily-bells swing out thy requiem fair.

Die out from my heart, O golden love!
Thy last bright ray has shot back above;
And tear-drops and doubt-mists and many a sigh
Surround faith and hope as they fainting lie;
And wider and sadder, with ebb and swell,
Grief rings from my spirit thy passing bell.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR POST—We are having a Fair. And that I presume accounts for the weather being so foul. It is the first Fair I was ever mixed up with, and had I known the inside workings of these institutions, I think I should have resigned long ago. Our Fair is a magnificent swindle all through, and in a confidential conversation with the pastor of the church under whose auspices the affair is conducted, I was assured that all Fairs are pretty much the same. He further remarked that it would be quite as honorable and considerably more expeditious, to get a crowd of people together, and then pay a gang of pickpockets a commission to go through them and just pass the proceeds into the treasury.

It is very pretty to look at, though. The long hall brilliantly lighted, the tables loaded down with books, silver-ware, fancy articles, refreshments, flowers, and presided over by all the most attractive young ladies the town can possibly furnish, each one more attractive still in a peasant dress and a Normandy cap. And such humbugs! I bought loose flowers—a whole apron full of them—and they cost me $2.00. I then sat quietly down in one corner and made them up into little button-hole bouquets—a rose-bud, a geranium leaf and a sprig of heliotrope—and arranged them as attractively as possible on the flower counter, with instructions to the pretty blonde who attended it to make all she could on them. The little minx disposed of every one the first evening at twenty-five cents apiece, and passed over $25 to the church. Everything else seems to be going in the same way. It is nothing for us—emphasis on *us*—to ask ten dollars for a thing that did not cost us three shillings—three levys *you* would say. And we even do worse than that. The refreshments are all donated, of course, and when the donors feel like partaking, we charge them extra, on the principle that people who can afford to give cakes, fruits, meats, etc., can afford to pay a large price for what they want to eat. We are philosophers, you see!

But it is impossible to do anything in this life without petty jealousies and mean suspicions and disagreeable feelings. It would seem that they should not enter into a Church Fair, but they do. I have attended this one pretty religiously so far, and as it was my business to stand around and look on, I could not help hearing that "Miss So-and so was quite 'airy,' to get up a table of her own, and sell goods on commission, mighty exclusive to say the least of it." Then there was Judge——'s daughter, "very pretty, but would appear a great deal better if she did not know it quite so well. Desperate flirt, and always talking to *married* men. Awful! didn't see what she wanted to cock that hat up on one side of her head in that shape for—supposed she was affecting the Cora Pearl style."

Striking looking young lady at the candy table. "Yes, but they say she did not pass over much more then half the money she took in the night before, and the President of the society was real indignant and was going to investigate things."

Concluding I had stumbled upon the ill-natured part of the crowd, I leisurely backed over to the other side of the Hall, and the first thing I heard was that "the engagement between that awful ugly looking girl at the lemonade stand and the handsome young doctor who was making himself so useful around, was broken off. It was too bad after she had angled so long after him, but what else could she expect? Young ladies would find out that they couldn't go up to Saratoga, and down to Long Branch, and have a great deal to say to strange gentlemen, and not be found out."

FASHIONS

are exceedingly plenty in New York just now, but as has been the case for some time, they are so varied that it is almost impossible to go wrong, no matter what you wear. The mania for a side plaited front breadth that has afflicted the female portion of the commonwealth for so many months, is in a degree dying out. Ruffles wide or narrow or both, may be now used with no very serious results.

Hats, are not much different from those heretofore seen, and I am sorry to chronicle the fact, that some irrepressible meddler has revived the ugly gypsy of two years ago, that dreadfully unbecoming shape that no one, not even an established beauty, could wear with any degree of safety.

Among the novelties, our merchants exhibit the black lace polonaise. It is a much neater and more stylish garment than the lace sacques of the last three years, though whether it could be utilized in case of a change of fashion, is an open question and must so remain for the present. Very costly garments of this kind are seen in Chantilly, Brussels, and Guipure, but the most saleable ones are in imitation, ladies generally considering them quite expensive enough in the present fluctuating state of the fashions. These polonaises are made loose, and belted in around the waist, and look very dressy for young ladies over white organdie suits; while for those more advanced they are used as a finish to a suit of black grenadine, and are much admired—or will be when the weather becomes warm enough for their appearance on the street. At present we must be content with viewing them upon lay-figures in furnishing stores—and if they look well on those, we may be sure they will be irresistible upon living, breathing femininity.

In the minor details of the toilet this season, there is a great effort to give to everything the effect of carelessness. Particularly is this noticeable in all trimming and ornamentation. Street sacques and dresses to be quite *au fait*, should have jet and gimp and ruffles all look as though they had been thrown at the garment from across the room, and had stuck fast wherever they struck.

In dressing the hair, it is fashionable to wear a large tortoise shell comb, but instead of being placed at the back or top of the head, it is worn jauntily at one side, as though it had been placed there in a fit of abstraction and entirely forgotten. Little ornaments such as jet beetles and gilt butterflies are never fastened on anywhere in particular, but are so arranged that one supposes they have alighted by chance on the very edge of a braid perhaps, and are quite uncertain how long they will remain. There seems to be nothing on the square. Even hats which have been for the last year pushed back as far off the face as possible, are now tilted over to the right in a most extraordinary manner. Whatever has come over the ladies to render them so lop-sided in their tastes I'm sure I don't know. Probably they will tire of the style in time, and then we shall have them as evenly balanced and as prim as so many Quakeresses.

OLIVE KING.

☞ DUTY.—It is pleasant to do one's duty, even without reward.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA.

The following letter, written a few summers ago by a gentleman of this city to his mother, will, we think, be found very interesting by our readers:—

MY MOTHER—I wrote you from Buffalo of my journey thither, via the Catawissa route and trestle bridge. I described—perhaps rather extravagantly—the magnificent mountain and valley scenery that make that region romantic; but it was a mere foretaste of the beauties that awaited me, an introduction to the Book of Nature—a sweet overture to a sweeter opera—each step of my journey revealed new undiscovered glories, or to slightly misquote Pope:

"The increasing prospect greets my wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

Outside of the natural attractions of Niagara, there is everything to discourage the economical visitor. Extortion rules the hotels, hackmen, photographers, guides, bead-selling squaws, bootblacks and citizens generally. Every one has something for you to buy that no one else has to sell; and it matters little whether the twelfth sees you refuse the other eleven. Persistence is the axiom of their trade, and they ply it with dire vengeance. As incidents verifying the above, I to-day went under the "Canadian Falls" with a guide whose charge was to be "One dollar, sir." On my return to upper earth, my proffered greenback was refused, and I was politely informed that the covenanted dollar must be of silver, with Canada's die stamped thereon. With a grunt I acknowledged that I was no longer in the United States, and handed over the equivalent, $1.30.

"This is the door, if you please, sir," shouted the Chesterfieldian official in attendance. Deeming it to be the exit door, I followed the indicated direction, and found myself in a so-called museum.

The contents of this "Museum"—save the mark—were some wooden models of a great whale and other curiosities, the *originals* of which *are said to be* in the British museum at London; a few stuffed beasts and birds that were once wild, some wax-work, consisting—if we are to credit the labels—of Napoleon, William Tell and Albert, Joan of Arc, a "Highlander," and other celebrated personages, dressed almost exactly alike, stockings and shoes the counterparts of each other, and strongly resembling those worn by the modern ploughboy. Shades of the departed great! why haunt ye not your libeller in wax?

It out-Jarleyed Jarley. On leaving, I was mulcted at the door fifty cents extra for *obeying the proprietor's direction to exit*. Nor was this all. I drove in the cattle-field of Lundy's Lane. The fee to be paid for the privilege of going atop of the wooden observatory and see and hear the guide—a veteran of the battle—point out the various positions and relate several thrilling incidents of the conflict, was stated to be fifty cents. Like other tourists, I handed the old man a half dollar; but on descending, was obliged to pay to the landlord a similar amount, and hear that "money given to the guide is merely gratuitous. Please register your name, sir." I drove away in disgust and dust. I felt I was among the Philistines. I came, I saw, I was conquered. So much for man. Let me turn away from his creations to those of his Creator. Let me try a description of Niagara.

But how shall I describe it? All that I have heard and read of it, all that I have seen in the counterfeit presentment of photographs, stereoscopes and paintings fails so egregiously, that I am awe stricken into silence. From the first sound of its mighty roar, from the first sight of its mighty rush, I became speechless. I have frequently remarked that to me, nature seemed robbed of one half of her attractions when contemplated in solitude; but I can no longer endorse this as a truism of universal application. In this instance I was glad of my loneliness, and would have made but a dull companion.

Starting across the bridge to "Goat's Island" I paused and gazed up the "rapids." What a spectacle—Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie crowded into a comparatively narrow river and goaded by their confines have turned rebels, and seem to toss their angry crests even against the skies, as they thunder down an inclined plane toward the cataract. Vainly they chafe their sides against huge rocks, only to be broken into milky foam, and hissing, seething, groaning, thundering, they rush to their fate. Looking up stream we appreciate the descent in its bed. It begins a mile above to fall gradually, then more rapidly, until it reaches "the islands," when it starts a series of tumbles down hill that are at first small, then larger and more numerous, assuming a variety of fantastic shapes and colors that are as inconceivable as indescribable, till it takes its final leap.

After hanging for an hour over the bridge railing, which seems, because of the swift current below, to be sailing up stream, I crossed through "Bath Island" to "Iris" or "Goat's Island." The name was familiar, but I had had no conception of its size. It is a half mile long, nearly one quarter wide, and contains about seventy acres of fine forest scenery. But my impatient footsteps permit me not to linger in the shade, and turning to the right and then to the left, I come to the edge of the cliff at the "Biddle Stairs," and catch the first glimpse of the "Horshoe or Canadian Falls." I gazed till I thought I had become insane. I tried to speak, but could only murmur the name of God. The sight was sacred, the sound majestic. I felt that it was the voice of the Omnipotent; that the glories of Sinai were being re-painted and re-echoed, and like the followers of Moses, I dared not approach, unsanctified, the Holy Mount. Oh! let the unbeliever behold this Sovereign of the World of Floods, and in His glorious presence, while "deep calleth unto deep," vaunt his scepticism. But he dare not, could not; "the pregnant hinges of the knee" must loose themselves, and adore at the foot of this grand altar, from whose base arises the incense of Jehovah's praise. And this is famed Niagara!

People have said that their anticipations of the cataract have been greater than their realizations. So would they say of Heaven, if such unappreciative souls have been there. With me it was just the reverse. True, I expected to see a high rock over which water flowed; but not this rock, not this water. Its immensity almost bereft me of my senses. There before my straining eyes, stretching in the form of a scythe, was the so-called "Horseshoe," 2,000 feet in width, 158 feet high, pouring from the hollow of His hand over a million tons of water per hour. Above, I could see as far as my vision spanned the Canadian Rapids, which are a series of cascades in tumultuous commotion, storming and raging over the rocks that impede their flight. But within a few feet of the edge, they seemed to have learned the resignation of despair; for, ceasing their strife, they gently swell over the precipice, and in one immense leap are buried in their graves of spray and smoke. The scene was, to my mind, typical of the river of life. Like Niagara, we push and jostle, storm and rave, and when we approach the Stygian banks, agony tears us, rocks of sin rack us to pieces, until Nature exhausted on the very verge, calms our bosoms, and gently we flow over the precipice that separates earth from eternity, unto Death.

The water near either shore turns into boiling foam and goes tumbling down, like huge avalanches of snow, while that in the middle, where the depth is over twenty feet, dons a garb of brightest green, varying its shade in the sunbeams.

This is the focus of Niagara's beauties. Dotted through this emerald hue are seen white pearly beads, leaping out, ever changing in shape and hue till they are lost to sight in the smoking spray, that rises up from below, only to be crowned by an eternal rainbow. One of the best views is from "Terrapin Tower," which is built like a light-house a hundred feet out from the island, on a rock that hangs over the terrible, beautiful abyss. I sat for hours enraptured. I forgot my home, occupation, identity. I knew of no Philadelphia, no habitation but Niagara. Worldly strife and trouble faded into the dim past, and I thought of them only as a dream. It was worth all the sermons I had ever listened to, and tears unbidden flowed in imitation of Niagara. I never was so affected. I cared not for observers. I felt that I was before the shrine of God, and would worship silently and undisturbed.

The scene recalled the familiar lines of Brainard:—

"What are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime!
Oh, what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yes, what is all the riot that man makes
In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks and whispers of its maker's might."

At length I awoke from my trance and walked up the island to the "Three Sisters." These are three islets that stand one outside the other in the midst of the Canadian Rapids, from whence the finer views can be had. These, were I dweller here, would be my favorite spots to loll and read, or watch the cascades rush down in miniature Niagaras under the rustic bridges connecting them with each other and Goat's Island. But no time for meditation, so on to the head of "Iris," where the waters divide, going to the right to form the American, and to the left to form the Canadian Falls. On to my starting point, then to Luna Island to gaze at the American Cataract. This is said to be six feet higher than, but not nearly half so wide, as the Horseshoe.

But the best view is from below. So I doff my clothes, don a regular bathing suit, with an oilskin coat and hat. Accompanied by a guide, and a lady and gentleman similarly costumed, down the Biddle Stairs I go, down under ledges of mighty rocks, down into the broad pathway toward the "middle falls." This is part of the American Falls, split by Luna's Island, about one hundred feet wide, pouring over a projecting rock, thus forming what is termed the Cave of the Winds. The name owes its origin to the tornado that blows through it, caused, doubtless, by the displacement of air by the rapid fall of such an immense body. Down we go into this cave. Hold on to the hand-rail, or the tempest will unfoot you. At this point the lady got nervous (no wonder, so was I,) and turned back.

When we reached the very centre, a just conception of the extent of this world's wonder broke upon us with the spray, which drenched us as thoroughly as if a thousand shower baths had opened on our devoted heads. The massive rock towering one hundred and sixty feet above, the seething waters below, the cataract pouring down in front and forming an impenetrable wall of white, boiling foam, all told me how puny I was. What if one of the rocks should fall, or the foundations where I stand give way? How little must I appear to Niagara, and how little Niagara, to God! What a mere spec of dust, we, who are in our own estimation mighty beings in the world's rush, become amid this rush of floods. But the tempest of whirlwinds is too strong to withstand; so out the other side, and past the edge of the main falls we clambered, down slippery rocks that lie in profusion at the base, our felt shoes tenaciously retaining their hold. Up again for five minutes until we reach our starting-point. Nervousness left me, and I went the round again without a guide; then resumed my proper garb.

Now let me try the Canadian view; so over the new suspension bridge, past the "Clifton house," to where "Table Rock" once stood. This celebrated *plateau* having within the last twenty years fallen piecemeal, the residue was recently blasted away, to prevent accidents, by order of the Provincial Government. The view of both the Canadian and American Falls can here be had together. After going under some thirty feet of the "Horseshoe," and experiencing the same feeling of awe at its grandeur and sublimity, I crossed in the "ferry," determined to take Niagara from every possible point of view. The water is said to be two hundred and fifty feet in depth; and as we with difficulty stemmed the torrent, I shuddered at the terrible fate that would follow an upset. But we reached the United States again in safety.

"Drive me to the whirlpool," was my direction to a persecuting hackman, and soon we reached the dread spot, three miles below. Oh, what a terrible, weird-like aspect it wears! The channel in these three miles has sunk and narrowed until the banks, three hundred feet high and scarcely eight hundred wide, appear like walls shutting out earth and leading to the gates of hell.

I trembled as I cautiously descended the 358 circular steps, pausing for rest and through fear every few minutes. Seating myself on a large mass of rock, I looked and saw. Down stream another bend, with a little bay, where the waters being hemmed in, assume a circular or rotary current, and form "the whirlpool." But in front, and one hundred and fifty yards on either side of me, was a vision which inspired me with mingled admiration and terror. It seemed as if the waves, frightened by their recent gigantic leap, were fearful that their rapid descent was again but the warning of another precipice, so they tossed and struggled, dashed their crests high in air, and sent their groans of agony and despair up to the Ruler of Waters. The depth is said to be very great, several hundred feet. This is not surprising when we remember what an immense body of water is rushed through the narrow gorge. The rapids above the falls are comparatively nothing to these.

The waves seem like Charybdis as they twist and swell and sink again; throwing their spray fifty feet into the air. Surely if mythological Styx was half so terrible, the grim ferryman—Charon himself—dare not venture on its black maelstroms.

Owing to the elevation of the rocky walls the place is quite dark, and 'tis said the stars are larger, seen below, than from atop the cliffs. But I must away. So up the wearisome ascent and back to the falls.

Thus I spent my three days. Scarcely taking the necessary respite for sustenance, I passed all my daylight hours on the enchanted banks, viewing His handiwork of wonders from every standpoint—above the falls, below the falls, right and left, standing on their very edge, and gazing at the billows of snow or emerald; in the gray of sunrise, the glare of noon and shadows of twilight, till darkness would brood over the deep and shut out all but that ceaseless death-groan. Moonless skies alone drove me back to hotels and man, but I felt ill-conditioned for gayety. Orchestral music enlivened the parlors, but I preferred the dark windows of my chamber, where I could list to the anthem that has been sung since creation's dawn by the spirit of the deep. It sounded like a coronach over the dying waves, and as it loosed the hinges of my eyes, transported me to Dreamland.

Your son, J. L. R.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for to-night—
No guests our bounty to share;
The damask cloth is snowy white,
The service elegant and bright,
Our china quaint and rare;
My little wife presides,
And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,
The muffins nice and hot,
What though the winds without blow cold?
The walls a little world enfold,
And the storm is soon forgot.
In the firelight's cheerful glow
Beams a paradise below.

A fairer picture who hath seen?
Soft lights and shadows blent;
The central figure of the scene,
She sits, my wife, my love, my queen—
Her head a little bent:
And in her eyes of blue
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,
With quiet, gentle grace;
With fingers deft and movements free
She mixes in the cream for me,
A bright smile on her face;
And as she sends it up
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?
I secretly reflect.
The passing thought she must have guessed,
For now dear lips are on mine pressed.
An arm is round my neck,
Dear treasure of my life—
God bless her—little wife!

IMPERISHABLE FLOWERS.

BY GLEN CAROL.

The western world, once so far away, now through the medium of iron, steam, and enterprise, so near, is teeming with countless treasures, curious and beautiful, hidden away in the capacious bosom of mother earth, where they have rested, in all probability, for centuries, until the enterprise that found a speedy way to the distant West snatched forth the beautiful and wonderful from nature's keeping.

Placed conspicuously upon the handsomest bracket in my room, resting daintily upon the softest mat of wool is an exquisite bouquet, apparently carved in solid stone—a cluster of flowers, vines, and leaves, perfect as if just from the hands of the sculptor. Each leaf and flower is perfect in shape and outline, rich in delicate veining and tracing, and bound together with a net-work of Vines and tendrils.

How long within the deep, dark breast of earth had this treasure lain? How many years had flitted by, swiftly, silently, bearing with them in their faithful grasp all things fair and lovely, since these blossoms, now cold, pale, scentless, but perfect still, caught to their hearts the sunshine and the dew? Never to wither! Never to pale and faint at glowing noonday, shriveled to dust in summer's fiercest heat, or, with torn and tattered leaflets, borne on a careless breeze. Never to be plucked by idle hands, to droop and die within the hour. But, while leaf, stem and flower were perfect, ere one shadow of blight or decay had fallen upon their matchless loveliness, to be as it were *translated!*

In vain the sun hurled his blazing arrows thick upon them. In vain with his sharp and biting breath came the frost-king. Storms swept around them, and passed away unheeded. High above them, with every passing year, flowed the waters and drifted the sands. A new earth seemed to spring into existence.

Bloom and verdure graced the plains no longer; but instead, the rugged sage-brush filled the air with its pungent odor, and the needled cactus reared its ungraceful head. Long wastes of reddish sands lay bleaching in the sun. None tilled the ungracious soil, whereon nothing beautiful or good might grow.

Came rumors of precious gems and heaps of golden ore, lying far below the beds of drifting sand and glaring alkali. Listened enterprise, and sallied forth, borne swiftly along the iron road, resolved to win for his own these buried treasures.

The gold and gems were found—and with them, this memento of ages past, doubly precious.

My soulless flowers! Hue and fragrance are lost—but the tinted chalices that held their sweetness, and the leaves that bent above them, have known no change save this. Into the sculptor's hands did the painter resign them, that they might speak, to-day, with silent voices, of centuries gone by!

DOES TRUTH EVER COME UP IN THE BUCKET?

This question is respectfully submitted to the consideration of debating societies. My opinion is that Truth very seldom gets out of her well.

Most of us would be astonished, indignant, shocked, if anybody were to insinuate that we were in the habit of telling *lies*. But just let us take the sayings and doings of only one day, and carefully scrutinize them. In nine cases out of ten, what will we find? Will we discover that the shameful epithet—which we abhor as the Scandinavians abhorred the word *niddering*—is entirely undeserved? I'm afraid not. The most conscientious will be forced to admit that something he has said that day is most fitly described by calling it *a lie*.

Silence is silver; words fitly spoken are gold; too many words vain, tinkling brass; and yet how many people go about tinkling brass all day, rather than be silent!—how many exaggerate, *lie*, merely for something to say!

Nine people out of ten say forty for twenty, and the worst of it is that they mean that you shall believe them.

But these very same people say they never told a lie in their lives! Cool!

Even the old adage, *In vino veritas*, (there is truth in wine) has been proved false in these latter days. You can only tell a drunkard now by his preternaturally solemn efforts to appear the soberest of the sober.

A VICTIM.

A Blush.

What is there more mysterious than a blush, that a single word or look or thought should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek like the soft tints of the summer sunset? Strange it is, also, that the face only, and that the human face, is capable of blushing—that the hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame any more than does the glove or sock that covers them. It is the face that bears the angel's impress; it is the face that is heaven. The blush of modesty that tinted woman's face when she awoke in Eden's sunny land, still lingers with her fair daughters. They caught it from the rose—for all the roses were first white; but when Eve plucked one, the bud, seeing her own fair face—more fair than the flowers—blushed, and cast its reflex on her velvet cheek. The face is the tablet of the soul, whereon it writes its actions. There may be traced all the intellectual phenomena with a confidence amounting to a moral certainty. If innocence and purity look outward from within, none the less do vice, intemperance and debauchery make their indelible impression upon it. Idiocy, rage, cowardice and passion leave their traces deeper, even, than the virtues of modesty, truth, chastity and hope. Even beauty grows more beautiful from the pure thoughts that arise within it.

UP IN THE TREES.

Would we were there in the woods together—
Two little birds in the midsummer weather!
Out of the winter, away from sorrow,
With—think of it!—never a thought of the morrow!
Up in the trees, whose branches are swinging,
They sit in the soft air, singing, singing
A song in which youth and passion are blended—
That is always beginning, and never ended!

Look at them there now, sitting, sitting
Where owls are hooting, and bats are flitting:—
One is singing, the other is sleeping,
While the Lady Moon through the leaves is peeping!
And now look at us,—whose years are doubled,
We have missed so much, and have been so troubled!—
Would we were there in the woods together—
Two happy birds in the midsummer weather!

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD GRANGE," "MARK JARRETT'S DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ON BOARD THE GLADSTONIAN.

The morning which Lollie had marked in her calender as the one which was to be the happiest of her life, broke fresh and clear, and with a cloudless sky of brilliant blue. It had rained heavily the night before—a close, heavy, murkey, steady downpour—and there was much consternation in the minds of fifty-nine at least out of the sixty young ladies, respecting the probability of a fine day on the morrow. Certainly, if prayers were that night offered up by any of the damsels for the auspicious fulfillment of a desirable event in the future, they were for "a fine day to-morrow." If so, they were heard.

But the streets were muddy, and Lollie remarked that she had no intention of proceeding to the steamboat pier on foot, so that when she went on board the steamer she should be "draggled-tailed." Consequently, she hailed a crawling cabman, and in a few minutes, with her smiling eyes, her pretty, laughing face, and coaxing tongue, she persuaded him to "run Lydia and herself down" close to the place for embarkation for "next to nothen';" which means that he condescended to be beguiled to convey them to their destination for a trifle over the legal fare.

Lollie was somewhat surprised to discover, on reaching the landing-stage, that Lydia was by no means so helpless as she had imagined, for, queenly as she looked, and quite above taking notice of sublunary things, she pointed out the place where the Gladstonian was lying, with a brilliant flag flying at its masthead, and actually piloted the way to go on board in such a practical, self-possessed kind of way, that if there was any playing child at all, Lollie was the baby. Indeed, she actually found herself on the deck of the grand vessel before her mind was clear of the perplexity of gangways and vessels which had to be crossed.

Yes, here they were, and on the right boat, too, for there were groups of young girls congregated together, laughing and chattering gleefully and volubly, looking all muslin and ribbon streamers—so varied in color, as to put a rainbow quite in the shade.

It seemed, too, that the whole number had assembled, for the steamer looked nearly full. A bell was ringing, and the steam, escaping from the safety-valve, was roaring and blowing "As if," Lollie remarked, "they had a great kettle on the fire below, ready for tea for the sixty, and it was boiling away like mad."

And they were all on board too, for, as if Lollie and Lydia's appearance had been a signal waited for, a red-faced, broad-shouldered man in a naval officer's undress uniform, which looked as if it had been doing duty in wet weather on board a steam collier, stepped leisurely up the steps leading to the wooden bridge which crossed the steamer, glanced pleasantly at Lollie, and gave a kind of grunt, which she mistook for one of approbation; but a soiled boy, whose features could hardly be deciphered for soot and grime, who was staring at him as if afraid that he was about to take a header into the Thames, construed it into an observation to him, and he instantly shrieked out—

"Stan' bye!"

At the same moment there arose vibrating in the air that kind of wonderful sound which is to be heard in a burlesque, when a bevy of young ladies applaud with their sweet voices some sentiment which the heroine hero of the piece addresses to them; particularly if they are supposed to be in rebellion against the constituted authorities.

It was a cheer with which the young ladies of the workroom welcomed the arrival of their young queen and her pretty satellite, Lollie.

There was a sudden rush to them, and unquestionably sincere congratulations were offered to Lydia, the feeling being general that, if she had not joined them, there would have been, vulgarly speaking, a wet blanket stretched over the whole party. Her arrival seemed in one respect at least, to complete and perfect arrangements, although there was still a portion of the programme which was blank, and promised to be very blank indeed to the larger proportion of the party—not excepting Lydia.

After the clustering girls had had their say and their giggle, and retired, still saying and giggling, to the sides of the steamer, to look at the wonders of the panorama they were passing, and which almost looked as if it had been got up for their especial enjoyment, Miss Camoy, followed at a discreet distance by Mr. Fisell, approached Lydia, and addressed her.

Not, however, until she had taken stock of everything Lydia wore outwardly—her dress, her mantle, her bonnet—the style in which she wore her hair, her gloves, which were the very best Paris kid, and fitted faultlessly, and all those little tasteful adornments which go to make up an exquisite toilet, so pleasurable to see, and which are so much spoiled by an attempted description.

"I quite began to fear you were not coming, Miss Smith," she presently exclaimed, when she had filled her eyes. "You drove it quite to the last moment."

"I had a great difficulty to persuade her, I can assure you, old Game—a—a—I—Miss Camoy," chimed in Lollie, beginning to feel deliriously exhilarated, for she entertained already a suspicion that the soiled naval officer on the bridge regarded her with silent and inward approbation.

"Yaas," subjoined Mr. Fisell, looking all eyes at Lydia, and feeling utterly oppressed and confounded by her remarkable attractions. "I never were more upset in my life. I have been watching for you over and above twenty minutes or arf a hour, and it seemed to me a 'ole 'ear—quite a 'ear. I am, however, most delighted you have come at last, and looking so bloomin'—a rose-tree in full bearing—lovely, bloomin', fresh, an' gay. Really, Miss Smith, you do look the Queen of the Work—"

"Leave the shop at home to day, at least, Mr. Fisell," interrupted Miss Camoy, in a snappish, vexed tone.

She had designs matrimonial on Fisell, and she did not approve of any exuberance he might exhibit to one of the young ladies, who, notwithstanding her attractions and the favor she had won, held an inferior position to herself in "the establishment," and therefore should occupy a similar place in his estimation.

He laughed affectedly at the snub, though he reddened.

"Jest so," he responded, a little distraught; "quite so. I were going to say Queen of to-day, Queen of Beauty. I am in rapohure to think it is my special duty to pay you every attention, Miss Smith, according to horders from headquarters—to my play-sure too, I am instructed to see that you 'ave heverything 'art can 'ope for or tongue desire."

"Isn't Mr. Athol here?" asked Lollie, abruptly, looking along the deck of the vessel with a kind of dismay, where the girls were all again clustered together in groups, talking, but in more subdued strains, for their spirits seemed to have received a sudden damper.

It appeared that there was a numerous party of young men on board, who were "flush" of white waistcoats, and displayed about their throats satin neckties of bright Mexican blue, aniline green, dazzling crimson, gaudy Spanish brown, and other hues. Their hair was brushed, parted nattily, shone like polished furniture, and was redolent of otto of rose oil. They were sprightly, and full of bows to the fair, and turned out their toes as they walked the deck like dancing-masters.

When they first came thronging on board in clusters, our young maidens of the sewing-machine room at once determined that these were the anticipated gents from the necktie and glove department in "our house;" but, alas! a bevy of fair damsels in muslins, "blue, red, and gray," flaunting with ribbons like yachts dressed in flags, also came hurrying on board at the last moment, and fraternized, without an instant's loss of time, with these coveted young men, laughing with them and talking with them on the most familiar terms, so that prompt inquiries were made, resulting in the discomfiting announcement that these parties represented a "society" out for a day's holiday, and they were booked to each other from the start to the return.

As there were no more young men floating about, amenable to the directions of Mr. Fisell, and the vessel was now swiftly worming its way among the shipping in the Pool, it was concluded that the firm, in giving the young ladies of the sewing-machine room a steamboat treat, had not considered it necessary to perform the same act of kindness to the gentlemen of the haberdashery department. The anticipations of unmixed enjoyment in which these hard-worked girls, who had so few opportunities for pleasure in their daily lives, had indulged up to this moment, fell accordingly.

Lollie saw this quickly enough, as her bright eye ran from the knots of girls to the young men with the gleaming neckties, who were, she observed, secured and kept under surveillance by the damsels of their own party.

"Is not Mr. Athol to be with us?" she asked again, unconsciously repeating her question.

Miss Camoy had previously answered it by an impatient gesture of her nose and chin; now she answered with a little cackle of derision—

"Mr. Athol, child—Mr. Athol come with our party on a steamboat excursion like this! Are you mad? You forget that *he* is a lord—a real lord—no sham makebelieve, but the son of a duke. Tut! I thought, perhaps, the first clerk might have been sent with us; but Mr. Athol—ho! ho!"

"What a shame!" ejaculated Lollie, with a burst of vexation, glancing at Lydia, so charmingly dressed as she was, and it seemed for nothing too; "what a shame! I could cry, that I could!"

Again Miss Camoy laughed contemptuously, while Mr. Fisell said, with a slight hem—

"There's often as good goldfish in the pond as are in the glass globe. I flatter myself you won't miss our Mr. Athol while I am able to do my best to amuse you and make you happy, as our principal directed me to do."

Lydia said nothing. She did not appear to hear what had been said, but kept her downcast eyes upon the deck, upon which she occupied the point of her parasol in drawing scrolls. She, however, felt as if a huge bank of cloud had suddenly risen up, obscured the sun, overspread the expanse of blue above her, and made the day as dull and as chill as if it were November.

She bit her nether lip. She felt as if she had been suddenly punished for an indiscreet weakness—humiliated, in truth—for now she better comprehended that it was an absurdity to have expected his lordship—a wilder absurdity to have dreamed even for a moment that he would have been induced to join the party because he knew she would be present—she, a sewing-machine girl!

The hot blood ran up into her cheeks and forehead, and crimsoned her neck. She glanced at her finery with distaste; she wished that she had not permitted Lollie's disappointment to have affected her, and so brought her here; she loathed the situation; she wished the day were over; she wished—she wished—she raised her swimming eyes to the sky—she wished she were—out of the world altogether.

Lollie, who had turned her restless eyes from Mr. Fisell to Lydia, to ascertain how she would take Miss Camoy's announcement, saw from the expression on her face what was passing in her mind. She pressed her hand tenderly and encouragingly, and whispered—

"Don't take it to heart, Lyddy. We may see somebody before the day's out quite as good as he, and not so stuck up."

This intended kindness only made matters worse, for Lydia's cheek burnt fiercer than before. What was Mr. Athol, whom she had only once seen, to her? What should he be, that his absence might spoil her day's enjoyment? What could he be—he, a lord, and she—only a sewing-machine girl? How bitterly that reflection for the moment wounded her pride; and in spite of her effort to give her better sense the supremacy, her throat swelled and her eyes glistened.

Again Lollie's anxious eyes, on the alert, settled on Lydia's face, and once more she stole her hand to hers and pressed it.

Lydia, in seeming anger, snatched it from her, and with a slightly contracted brow, and with that marvellous *hauteur* which she sometimes, it appeared, instinctively exhibited, and which always in Lollie's eyes made her look like a queen, said to her, in an undertone—

"Are you insane, Lollie? What on earth can it matter to me who joins us or who remains absent? I shall be more than gratified if you enjoy yourself, for you know I came to-day to please you, and not with any hope that I might reap any unexpected pleasure from this trip."

"Don't be cross with me, Lyddy dear," pleaded Lollie, with a pouting lip; "we are not there yet, and it will all come right before the day's out, or I'm a muff, and cannot see farther than my nose."

At this moment a band of musicians, who in a distant kind of way resembled much abraded military officers in undress, struck up an inspiring air with considerable verve, especially so far as the cornet and the drum were concerned, and instantly there were signs of a new life infused into the party. Even the Gladstonian, as if it sparkled up at the intervening strains, seemed to pass every schooner, brig, ship, and steamer, arranged in crowded lines, at a swifter pace. All at once the cornet player flung himself into the throes of a solo, and played an air with far more taste and feeling than might have been expected of one of his military rank. Its effect on Mr. Fisell was at once overpowering. He shut his eyes, placed his right palm on the left breast watch-pocket, and made signs as if he were pumping forth melodious notes, which, however, were so impassioned as to defy articulation.

As the air concluded and the band took up the refrain, in which it was assisted by several of the young gentlemen who had dashed the hopes of the young damsels of Mr. Fisell's party, the latter gentleman, opening one eye, addressed Lydia in a more familiar strain than he had yet done, for the music had sent his spirits bounding upward.

"'Ow apropo," he cried, in a gurgling tone. "Only to think they should have struck up the very hair that was running through my brain at the moment."

Then creamily, but weakly, he gushed forth—

"Ne—il des—pe—ran—dum! Ne—il des—pe—ran—dum! Ne—il des—pe—e—e—e—e—ran—dum! Nevarr des—pare!"

"That's it," cried Lollie, clapping her hands; "never despair! Oh—oh—oh, my gracious!" she appended, with a sudden half-suppressed check of unequivocal and unmixed delight.

Lydia turned her eyes to the spot which had seemed to elicit the sudden joyful exclamation from Lollie's lips, but she distinguished nothing to excuse the outcry but an entangling mass of vessels, into which the captain of their steamboat appeared all at once to have made up his mind to run with a frightful crash.

Just at this moment a voice from the gangway cried out—

"Blackwor! Now, then, who's for Blackwor?"

Also at this moment there sprang up a curious commotion among the sixty forlorn workgirls. From their lips issued a general burst of "Oh, I say!" They ran about like distraught mice, they caught hold of each other's wrists, and they looked into each other's faces as though darting beams of sunlight into each other's eyes.

What had happened?

Lydia observed these tokens of undisguised felicity, and she looked for the cause to the place at which all the girls were straining their eyes, and in an instant her forehead, face, and neck were suffused with that but too eloquent rose-tint which so often reveals a secret the tongue refuses to utter.

At the same instant Lollie seized her hand, and, as she had done before, pressed it, and whispered—

"He *has* come, the darling prince of a fellow. I was sure he would. Lyddy, Lyddy, are you ill? You are as white as ashes. Do you feel faint, dear?"

"No—no!" cried Lydia, impetuously, almost passionately. "Pray take no notice of me; I am well enough."

And she turned her back to the Blackwall pier.

"Well, if ever," suddenly cried Miss Camoy, with unaffected surprise. "Why, there is Mr. Athol himself. He is actually coming on board the steamer. I am amazed."

Mr. Fisell glanced at the wharf, then at Lydia, then at the landing stage, against which, the steamboat had now been brought alongside. His eye fell on the excessively handsome face and lithe, graceful form of Mr. Athol, and his complexion assumed the pale dull green of the jade and the expression of a panther.

"I guess what has brought him there," he thought, with gnashing teeth. "She—she—she! He would wither and destroy her. I see it at a glance; but she is mine—Mrs. Fisell, that will be—and if he attempts to wrong her he shall find it must be done over my ensanguined corse—my corse!"

"Well to be sure," pursued Miss Camoy, with a kind of fluttering titter, "if there isn't our Mr. Gong and Mr. Coory, the buyers, and Mr. Day, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Pringle, and Tetheridge, and Wiltshire—what a swarm of the haberdashery—all coming on board, too. That is Mr. Athol's doings, I haven't a doubt, too. And if there isn't Mr. Charles Templeton with Mr. Athol, I declare."

A hysterical gurgle of supreme joy burst from the lips of Lollie as she listened to the enumeration, and she pressed her little hand to her throat, as if the sudden bliss communicated to her by this event, was more than she could bear.

"I wonder he didn't bring the whole 'owse and the whole firm," remarked Mr. Fisell, with a scowl. "I call it *infer dorg*. I shall keep 'em at a distance."

"They may return the compliment, perhaps," remarked Miss Camoy, sarcastically, for, as she said to herself, she was quite sick of the way in which he was glaring at Miss Smith, and it was quite time that some one stepped in to change the direction of the devouring eyes.

By this time the steamer was again on its swift way, and Mr. Athol, with his band of gentlemanly-dressed assistants, who appeared to be officered, as it were, by members of the establishment in more elevated positions in the house of business than themselves, was already busy among the girls, having summoned Miss Camoy to assist him, making introductions, or, rather, bringing the young people together for the sake of mutual recreation; it being quite understood by the aforesaid band of assistants, that a close supervision would be exercised over them, and while it was hoped they would be merry, it was quite expected they would be prudent and proper, if they valued their situations.

Mr. Fisell turned his back on the party, and addressed his conversation to Lydia, who did not hear a word. She could not; there was a distracting singing in her ears and a kind of mistiness before her sight. She was conscious of a throng of sounds, of moving scenery, of a gliding motion. She felt that her heart was fluttering and palpitating, and that she was cold, especially at the finger-tips.

She was secretly delighted after all that she had come, though Mr. Athol should not take notice of her—even if he should not see her. It was pleasant, very pleasant, to be near to him, perhaps to hear the rich, soft tones of his voice. She would be satisfied with that, for it would make her day pass with a quiet joy, though it might be only too swift in its going.

She did not ask herself to offer a reason for this almost overpowering emotion; why she should feel this remarkable interest in one who was almost a stranger to her, and in his position as far above her as if he were a planet in the blue sky, only to be seen and worshipped at all in the secret night-time.

She did not think to ask herself whether there was such a thing as love at first sight—whether the strange feelings disturbing her, almost disquieting her, if it had not been that they bore an impress of a certain amount of bliss upon them, had been raised up by an emotion far deeper than mere admiration of his form and feature, and a respect for his elevated position. Nor, what was still more unfortunate for her, why she wished him to approach her, and to converse with her continuously, for she fancied she could never grow weary of hearing his voice.

She had seen a great deal of the world—far too much of it, in her short life—but she was as yet much too innocent to analyze the emotions thrilling her whole frame, so as to eliminate considerations which should at once guard and guide her in any future with which he might be connected.

And now the band again played lively strains; and a young man, whose throat was garnished with a white necktie, the ends of which seemed to serve for a direction-post, pointing to the four quarters of the globe, and whose shining hair, all curls, appeared to have been carved out of a block of polished mahogany, called out, in a slightly affected voice—

"Ladies and gentlemen, take your places for the fust set."

Then there was a great deal of scrambling. Miss Camoy, who was fond of dancing, seized hold of Mr. Fisell's arm and dragged him to a spot already occupied by a bottom couple, and a smart-looking young man dashed up to Lollie, looking all eyes and teeth, and beneficence, formed two sides of a triangle with his body and legs, and he said to her—

"Will you do me the plezzure, miss?"

"Won't I?" answered Lollie, and turning to Lydia, she said, with a nod, smile, and a half-suppressed scream, "You'll have a partner presently, Lydia, dear. You'll see."

And off she tripped, with the flutter of a bird springing from its nest.

Lydia, thus left alone, watched her with pleasurable emotions, for she observed how her eyes glittered and sparkled, and how her expressive countenances wreathed itself into the happiest of smiles.

Now the band struck up again in real earnest, and there ensued much bowing and curtseying between the young Strephons and Phillises, and the dancing began with great animation, promising to end with more.

Lydia, unconsciously, became interested in the lively movements of the dancers, as they slid backward and forward, and wormed in and out, dodging and jostling, and at times making a curious jumble of the figures, so that the volunteer master of the ceremonies found himself drifting into a "fine distraction;" and she had quite lost her own identity, when she was brought back to her remembrance with a vivid rush by the utterance of a few melodious tones, gently breathed in her ear.

Coined into words, they said—

"Your subjects are leaping over the threshold of their weary daily life into a brief Elysium, oh, fair queen of the day!"

Her heart sprang to her mouth. She knew the tones so well—but too well—for they had repeated themselves after she had first heard them many a time in the still night, when sleep refused to comfort her aching eyelids.

She felt that she reddened neck, cheek, forehead, ears, and unfortunately it was a conscious blush, for she was vexed to think that he should be able to perceive his coming was by no means a matter of indifference to her.

She thought that she could not raise her downcast eyes. She thought she would not lift them for worlds, and yet somehow they uprose to meet his as they were regarding her beautifully-chiselled features with an admiration which was not qualified by a single doubt.

And their eyes met—only for an instant, but the momentary glance was a volume in itself. The richest language, and the most eloquent sentences ever breathed, could never have approached the sentiment conveyed in that one expression mutually interchanged. Swift and momentary as the glance was, it was sufficient to tell her not only that her secret wish was realized but her surmise was confirmed, for Mr. Athol was standing by her side, and his face was aflame with that hue which never disgraced the face of man yet.

CHAPTER XII.

IT IS SHE!

It is pleasant to see how well-organized minds, especially if they be well-trained, and, therefore, well-educated, smooth away the little embarrassments which attend some introductions, or the commencement of peculiar acquaintances between the opposite sexes.

Between Mr. Athol and Lydia there seemed, curiously enough, to be at once established a feeling of equality, which was tacitly not only felt but acknowledged by both.

On the part of Lydia, she intuitively felt herself to be—and only for the woman's reason, because she did—the equal, as a question of common humanity, of Mr. Athol. She was aware that, in a worldly and monetary point of view, there was a very wide gulf between them; but she did not see the chasm that separated them in the fact of his being the son of a duke, and she the daughter of—an adventuress.

It would, perhaps, be more just to her to say, that she did not take up this view at all; but that whatever distress the difference of station rather than of birth caused her, arose from her bitter knowledge that here was very far inferior to his.

On his part, he never thought of her origin, or the possible, though not probable, dukedom in store for him. He only saw before him an elegant girl of singularly refined, aristocratic and beautiful features, with a remarkably graceful and quietly dignified mien, and felt the conviction that of all womankind he had yet seen she was by far the most entrancing.

That was all he needed to govern his demeanor to her, except possibly that his knowledge of her artistic skill tended imperceptibly to augment his respect for her.

Before the "fust set" had ended they were in full conversation, and, it appeared, upon perfectly equal terms. Indeed, he was so much amazed to find her mind and tastes so well cultivated, and her educated knowledge so very much in advance of what he instinctively assumed they were likely to be, that he suffered his astonishment to betray itself.

With some little confusion, he made a remark which had this effect; but she only smiled sadly, and said, quietly and frankly,

"It is not remarkable that you should feel some surprise at finding me better educated than my—my companions—"

"Subjects," he interposed, with a smile.

"But your surprise will cease, sir," she continued, without heeding his implied flattery, "when I tell you that I was for five years placed at a ladies' school of considerable reputation in Philadelphia."

"In the United States?" he suggested.

"Yes," she returned, drooping her eyelids. "Mamma Smith, believing herself to be a widow, visited the United States, taking me with her, and she there contracted a second marriage. No doubt I was an inconvenient reminiscence of her first union, and, therefore, I was sent away from her new home."

"And no doubt to your advantage, with respect to your acquirements," he responded, looking perhaps a little too steadfastly at her fair face. "Of course, there are what are called natural gifts; but will you pray pardon me if I in the least degree vex you by expressing my wonder how, having profited so palpably by every hour of your scholastic term, you have been able to achieve in the art the singular excellence which most deservedly won for you a crown of laurels?"

Poor Lydia! She felt a pain at her heart when her ears, only too eager to catch his words, took in this speech. It seemed to stake out the insuperable stretch of land which difference of birth had thrust between them.

With a slightly perceptible fluttering of the eyelids, and a tinge of coldness in her tone, which he in an instant detected, she replied—

"Your wonder will cease when you hear that the machine is in constant use in most households in America, and that at the scholastic establishment at which it was my good fortune to be placed, useful acquirements were taught with a similar care to that devoted to the cultivation of mental studies and physical accomplishments."

He bent his head in acknowledgment, and in a lower tone observed—

"I am more than answered, because I am enabled to see united in you the natural gift and the ordinary acquirement. At the same time, Miss Smith, I entreat you to condone my rudeness in even alluding on an occasion like this to such a subject. By forgiving me, you shall not find me tripping with my tongue again. Am I forgiven?"

She raised her eyes to his; there was a sad expression in them, and partly reproachful too. It seemed to imply that it would be difficult to withhold forgiveness of him, and yet that it was cruel in him to have put such a proposition to her.

He felt his blood glow in his veins—an emotion pervaded his frame such as he had never experienced before. To his own intense wonder, it would have been, had he detected it, an impulse to offer her, like Mark Antony did Cleopatra, the world, if he could have commanded the gift that moment, leaped into his heart—aye, into his eyes too, for Lydia, unable to bear their intensity, turned her own away, and even retreated a pace or two nearer to the vessel's side.

But as she moved so almost unconsciously he moved too, and their conversation was renewed, although at the outset it took quite another channel.

What mattered it that the subjects treated by them commenced far apart from themselves? Insensibly it glided back to them By some natural law, as divided streams from high mountain sources find their way to their common home, the ocean.

A flitting blush, caused by a too earnest dwelling by his eyes on what he now believed to be the fairest face in creation, occasionally reminded them whither they had drifted, and they flew back to their high mountain latitudes, only to meander back again to themselves.

There were many objects of interest on the flat lands and the distant heights on both sides of the broad river to be pointed out and commented on; but Mr. Athol knew them not, neither did Lydia, so their communings continued to be of a personal character—delightfully personal. Opinions, tastes, inclinations, poetical criticism, an infinite variety, served them to forget the scenery, the passing vessels, the persons on board—everything but themselves.

Both had found a new world, and they lost all other considerations in exploring its "fresh groves, and pastures new."

Brief as was their intimacy, it seemed very soon that they had been known to each other from childhood, and they spoke, it appeared by a tacit understanding, without that restraint which usually reigns over first interviews, especially between individuals of the opposite sexes, divided, too, by considerations of station in life.

It was very pleasant to both, but pleasures have their limits, and theirs was rather rudely interrupted by the address of Mr. Fisell, who had suddenly assumed the aspect of a haughty tiger—of an Arctic tiger, if such an animal does exist in the immediate vicinity of the North Pole. He was white, and icy cold.

He had stood for a moment or so within two feet of them, unobserved, but observant. He had, with a bilious loathing, watched his superior's rapt look on the young and beautiful countenance so near to his, he had seen with what silent, absorbed attention she listened to every word that fell from his lips, and the somewhat trite simile of the moth and the lamp presented itself to his mental vision as a large picture.

"He would scorch the wings of this poor morth," he soliloquized, quite to himself; "but I will save her—I will preserve her. I will offer her my 'and an' 'art, which he won't, and I am as good as he, except by the accidence of buth."

As soon as he had made his presence known by a short, sharp, rasping, witheringly-sarcastic cough, he exhibited his teeth in a snarling kind of way, and said, loftily:

"I am grieved to spile a pleasant *tete-a-teet;* but as an ancient old berthur says, there's a time for all things, and lunch is ready. Miss Smith, your most obedient, allow me to conduct you to your regal throne in the saloon."

"Luncheon ready so early, Fisell?" remarked Mr. Athol, with a look of surprise, drawing forth his watch. Why, it is only—"

"Arf past eleven, sir," returned Mr. Fisell, with the grandeur of one communicating what he knew to be the correct arrangement to one who did not. With an ineffable smile at Mr. Athol's ignorance on this point, he added, "The young ladies was up with the sparrers, sir, and their tylets would take up too much of their time for them to think much about their breakfusts. Besides, there's the fresh hair horf the water, and the mazy dance, too. I assure you several of the young ladies have felt like bottle stout already, only Miss Camoy put on the block. Now, Miss Smith, if you please, will you come with me?"

The forecastle bell at this moment pealed lustily.

He crooked his elbow in a crescent form, and jerked it toward her. She did not offer to take it, but Mr. Athol did.

"Fisell," he said, quietly, but with a decision which sounded as if it were beyond appeal, "we will follow you. Go at once and assist Miss Camoy in marshalling the young ladies, and conducting them to their places at the table. You will have quite as much as you can manage to perform that duty. Away with you—you are wanted, you hear."

At this moment Miss Camoy was seen at a short distance looking at him like a spinster hyena. She was also calling aloud to him, by no means in a deferential tone—

"Fisell! Fisell!"

What was yet more disgusting to him, some young, shrill, musical voices, from quarters undiscoverable by him, were screaming too—

"Come along, old Fizzle. Come on, old Fizz—now then, Fiz—zle, look sharp!"

A general laugh from the crowd a little way off chorused these remarks, and Fisell for the moment felt that life had no more charms for him.

Yet he bounded into the throng, and displayed a sudden and vigorous animation, snapping wolfishly at Miss Camoy, and holding forth like a Mentor to the young ladies who would not look demure nor exhibit a demeanor of studied frigidity.

We should, however, here mention that the young ladies in question were quite as well and as becomingly attired as the majority of their sisters in a much superior condition in life, and that, though they were sprightly and disposed—nay, bent—upon enjoying themselves as much as they possibly could that day, there was not the smallest room for quarreling with them on any want of propriety in their deportment.

The young men, too, who had been introduced on board with the purpose of making the day pass pleasantly, were not only well-dressed but respectably connected, and in themselves respectable. They had, too, been schooled with regard to the day's proceedings, and they were accompanied by a manager, who, without appearing to display a power of supervision or betray a spirit of interference, was ready to check any signs of unrestricted licence if it should develope itself.

There was soon a steady tramp to the saloon below, much to the wonderment of the "society" who were gathered on board to enjoy their happy day at Rosherville, and Lydia moved as if she would follow in their wake, but Mr. Athol detained her, saying, with his winning smile—alas! too winning—

"One moment, if you please, Miss Smith; you must not forget that you are queen to-day. Your subjects must have time to assemble, in order that they may receive you with the honors due to your rank, and to your deserts."

She turned from him with a vexed, distressed expression.

"I will not go!" she exclaimed, with a sudden energy.

"Why?" he asked, with unequivocal surprise.

"Because this manifestation is—is unpleasing—painful to me. It reminds me but too forcibly, by its sharp contrast, of what I am," she returned, with a clouded brow, and a curious spirit of impatience.

"Rather of what you ought to be," he rejoined, in a low, soft, expressive tone. "What, indeed, it is not impossible you may yet be—at least, you have already won your title to reign supreme in the hearts of all who come within the influence of your unequalled attractions."

She turned her eyes upon him with a vivid flash, a crimson flush of resentment sprang into her cheeks. With a contraction of the brows that was not to be misunderstood, and a haughty elevation of her head, she said, with marked emphasis—

"Do you, indeed, think me silly, vain, weak, Mr. Athol?"

He regarded her handsome face, made if possible more beautiful than ever by its proud expression, in silent astonishment. His features underwent a remarkable change, and for an instant he betrayed some embarrassment. It was only for a moment, for all that was sterling and noble in his nature at once forced its way to the surface, and, suffering his eylids to fall before her steadfast, questioning gaze, he answered, frankly—

"If any such fancy has tried to occupy a place in my mind, you have effectually dispelled it. Let me, however, urge you not to measure the proceedings of to-day by a hard and fast line of reasoning. You are queen to-day, and I trust you will so far enter into the spirit of this little entertainment as to support the position you have won by merit—if it be only to gratify those around you, who will hardly feel very lively if they see you with a pensive cast upon your fai—your countenance."

He raised his rich-hued eyes to hers as he uttered the last words, and his look of irrepressible admiration made her turn her own from him in turn, and unconsciously a slight sigh emanated from her lips.

She retreated a step or two, murmuring almost inaudible objections, and he advanced nearer to her to combat them, when, somehow, his hand sought and obtained possession of hers.

It was only for a moment, for she withdrew it sharply, and turned her face across the waters to the shore. A feeling of utter despondency seemed to weigh her down; she would have given worlds for the opportunity of permitting a passionate burst of tears to have free sway.

She even retreated from him toward the vessel's side, and with a restless, angry impatience ejaculated, with a quivering lip—

"Oh, that I were not the thing I am! Would I had never been born."

A rush of moisture blinded her, and at the moment a soft hand caught hers, and pressed it.

As if she had been stung by a serpent, she uttered a cry, and recoiled with a shudder; but a pleasant, joyous voice whispered in her ear—

"What, moping still, Queen of Hearts? Never despair! Neel desperan—dum—never despair."

It was Lollie who spoke, and in her clear, rich voice warbled the refrain of Mr. Fisell's song. Lydia turned to her with a strange, grateful expression in her eyes.

"I am so glad you have come, Lollie!" she exclaimed, earnestly; "so very glad."

"Why?" asked Lollie, quickly, looking at Lydia's blanched face, and then giving a rapid glance at Mr. Athol's countenance, only to see that it looked pale and serious too.

What could have happened? Surely Mr. Athol had not said anything displeasing to her. Lollie could not think him capable of it; but if he had, partner or no partner, lord or no lord, she promptly resolved to give him a piece of her mind.

"Why, Lyddy dear, tears!" she whispered. "Mr. Athol has never—"

"Mr. Athol is a gentleman," hastily interposed Lydia, with a hectic flush, and added, quickly, "but if you love me, Lollie, do not couple my name in any way with his. You know how wretched, how supremely wretched, I am at home; how vast the space that separates him from me. Even what you may intend as a harmless joke, can only act by implication to my discredit. Do not, pray, attempt any pleasantry of that kind."

Lydia spoke in a very low tone, but almost with vehemence. Lollie looked at her in speechless wonder.

She suddenly closed her hands tightly, and stamped her small foot angrily.

"Don't be childish, Lyddy," she exclaimed, with equal *verve*. "We have come out to enjoy ourselves to-day, and let us do it. Mr. Athol would not have come here if he had been above mixing with, and speaking to us. And as for you, you are as good as him, perhaps a great deal better; and he may live to find that out one day."

"Absurd!" objected Lydia, impatiently.

"You are disagreeable, but never mind—that is for the future," persisted Lollie, imperatively. "You are queen to-day; fancy yourself one in reality—you look it—and leave to to-morrow to-morrow's vexations. Mr. Athol won't presume, I am sure, on your condescension. Why, I have had the loveliest dance with Mr. Charles Templeton. He laughed and talked to me, and was not a bit stiff or stuck-up—in fact, I am not sure that he isn't struck with me. What of it? We shan't see each other to-morrow—perhaps never again—so what does it matter? Come, Lyddy, clear up your gloomy face, smile and be joyful to-day, and come down-stairs into the saloon to lunch. They are all ready, and waiting for you. The table looks lovely."

"I had rather not go," protested Lydia, still edging nearer to the side of the steamer.

"And be called proud, and fine madam, and all sorts of names. Do, there's a spoilt baby," cried Lollie, pettishly. "If you don't come at once, I'll call Mr. Athol to come to you, and go down on his knees to beg you to ascend your throne."

"Not for worlds!" responded Lydia, with affright.

But at this moment Mr. Athol, having observed Mr. Fisell emerge from the saloon, and guessing his mission, himself approached with a quick step to the side of the steamer where Lydia and Lollie were standing. Simultaneously there was a little commotion among the passengers on deck, and a general rush was made to the same side.

A beautiful schooner yacht had just been overtaken by the steamer, and it was being passed so closely that the face of every person on board was distinctly recognizable.

Mr. Athol stood at the shoulder of Lydia, and said, in those tones which so strongly thrilled her whenever she heard them—

"That is the largest and the swiftest schooner yacht in the club fleet. It belongs to a friend of mine, and, strangely enough, it is called the Queen."

"Ah, Athol, how d'ye do?" cried an aristocratic voice on board the steamer. "See you on board by-and-bye? We shall bring up at Gravesend."

"How are you, Lovat?" responded Mr. Athol, with a wave of the hand. "Perhaps we may pay the yacht a visit before you start."

By the side of Lord Ailsa Lovat, on board the yacht, stood a gentleman who had the erect bearing of a military man, although clothed in the ordinary walking-dress of the day. His face, which was an expressive one, was embrowned, even bronzed, by constant exposure to an India sun. It had a gloomy cast, as if some great sorrow had not yet departed from a lengthened home in his memory. It was listless, too, and quietly indifferent to what was passing around him, even as if "man delighted not him, and woman neither."

Yet, while Mr. Athol was, with an elevated tone, replying to his friend Lord Lovat, as if moved by a sudden and uncontrollable impulse the gentleman referred to raised his eyes and fixed them at once on the face of Lydia.

For a second he stood entranced; and then his eyebrows lifted up, his eyes expanded, and his nostrils dilated, as if he had received an electric shock. With intense excitement, he cried aloud—

"It is she!"

The band striking up suddenly in honor of the yacht, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" drowned his voice, and in a moment more the beautiful vessel had glided into the wake of the steamer, and was soon left far behind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Caught in the Coils.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"But, Miss Norris; indeed—indeed I love you very dearly. Pray listen to me—dear Etta!"

"Mr. Edwards, for shame! Loose my hand directly. What will the other passengers say if they see you? How dare you call me by my Christian name, too?"

"Because I am miserable and half mad. How can you torture me so? What is it to me what the passengers say?"

"A great deal, it ought to be, Mr. Edwards," was the half-mocking, half-serious reply. "And as to me torturing you, I don't do anything of the kind. You torture and worry yourself, and make yourself a silly child, crying for the moon."

"But, Miss Norris, pray listen! You know how I love you!"

"No, I don't," was the laughing answer. "You know everybody tells me that, because I've got a merry little fresh-colored face—just as if I could help it! I don't want people to love me—only to like me. I don't want silly young men to be sighing, and looking poetry, and being dismal; I'm tired of it. If that's love, I don't want any of it."

"But, indeed, Etta—"

"'Indeed, Miss Norris,' if you please, Mr. Edwards. Because I am light-hearted and free, I don't allow people to presume upon it. Now, you are the fourth gentleman who has told me, in these two months we have been at sea, that he loves me; and I tell you just the same as I've told the others, that it's all sugar-candy nonsense, and I don't care for it a bit."

"Who has dared to speak to you like that?"

"Ha, ha, ha! What indignation! What fun! Just as if I'm going to tell you! What would it be then—a duel? Only think; one in the foretop, as the sailors call it, and one in the maintop, with pistols, shooting pop at one another. Oh, no—better still!—you could have swords, and cut and poke at one another, and not be able to reach, so that you could do no mischief."

"Miss Norris, what can I do to prove how dear you are to me?"

"Let me see," she answered, assuming a serious air. "You might kill a griffin, if he was going to run away with me; or, stop, you might jump after me the first time I tumble overboard, and poke the sharks' eyes out when they were coming to eat me all up; or, no, I'll tell you; I mean to learn to smoke tiny cigarettes; so if you will get me some very nice tobacco, that won't make me sick and ill, like brother Dick's did, and then I shall begin to—Oh, look—look, Mr. Edwards! more fun! They've caught another dolphin! Come and see it die all sorts of colors."

Away tripped Etta Norris, light-hearted and merry as a school-girl, along the deck, leaving John Edwards, of the Bengal civil service, passenger in the Lord Clive East Indiaman, quiet and rugged of brow, on the quarter-deck, where the above conversation had taken place. He had taken a fancy to the bright fairy of a girl returning to India, after ten years of English education; but only found that he was fixing his hopes upon a light-hearted child, without one serious thought for the future. One moment, he felt jealous; the next, bitterly disappointed; and then a fund of quiet common sense was drawn upon, and he determined to cast aside the sighing swain, and in a quiet, manly way, to let the errant little heart see that his was indeed a sterling, honest love. If in the future she learned its value—well; if, on the contrary, he was still treated in a light, giddy, and childish manner, he felt that he would have had an escape from one whose brightness was not that of the true metal, but only the gay, attractive shimmer of so much tinsel.

To decide with John Edwards, was to act; and going forward, he was once more by Etta Norris's side, to find her ready enough to meet him without constraint.

"Isn't it a beauty, Mr. Edwards?" she exclaimed, her peachy little cheeks flushed with excitement. "But it does seem so cruel to catch them."

"And to eat them," said Edwards, dryly. "I always feel that compunction over the arrowy, glistening mackerel, and wish it was the flat, dull-hued turbot, or even a sole."

"Now, that's wicked!" exclaimed Etta, clapping her hands together with girlish glee. "You are only poking fun at me."

"Well," said Edwards, smiling, "I vow that I saw you helped twice to fish yesterday."

"But then it was so nice!" pleaded Etta.

"And had displayed such beautiful colors when it died!" said Edwards.

"There! what a shame to run tilt at one's romance like that!" laughed the maiden. "But look, Mr. Edwards; they're hooking another. Oh, do please let me hold your hands while I stand up there by the bowsprit and look; I can see so much better."

"Why, I believe, after all," said Edwards, smiling, as he steadied the little form in the required position, "that I have been making a very great mistake, and fancying you to be a woman grown, when you are only a little girl."

"Girl? Of course I am," was the reply. "But now that is nice of you! How pleasant it would be if you were always like this! There—there, they have got another! Only look, though, how the poor thing struggles—how it is hooked!"

"Yes," said Edwards, forgetting for the moment his resolve; "but it it is not the only unfortunate that wriggles hard when it finds itself caught."

Etta Norris turned upon him sharply, snatching her hands away as she did so, and her face once more flushed, as if womanly perceptions were beginning to make themselves known, and usurping the girlishness of the past and present.

"I beg pardon," said Edwards, in a low tone. "Those words escaped me inadvertantly. If I promise never again to offend, will you forgive me?"

Etta was silent for a few moments before she again spoke, and then it was in a half-petulish tone, as she exclaimed: "Mr. Edwards, you are always trying to make me hate you."

"Then I'll never do so any more," said the young man, laughing.

"But really, will you always be wise and natural, and talk sensibly?"

"Indeed I will, Etta Norris," said Edwards, gravely; "and when I speak of love again, it shall be at your invitation."

"Ah, now we shall have a pleasant voyage, and you shall see how I will snub the next man who talks nonsense to me."

John Edwards did see, and hear, too, the various snubbings administered by the willful little beauty. Sometimes it was with pleasure; but more often there was a mingling of pain, as he wished that his fancy had been attracted by some one more staid and quiet.

"It all comes of being shut up in so small a space, with such a fire-brand, when one is composed of inflammable materials," he thought; and then once more came quiet resolution; and to have seen John Edwards it might have been supposed that he was one of the happiest of mortals.

The complement of the Lord Clive was made up very much after the fashion of that of most East Indiamen before the overland route was so largely patronized. There were yellow officers, returning after a long leave; commissioners and clerks; young folks, like Etta Norris, going back from the schools at which they had been placed; spinster sisters and cousins, about to join other sisters, brothers and cousins in the hot land where husbands are said to be so plentiful; and a fair sprinkling of young officers and cadets. There was flirting and love-making going on *ad lib.*, in fair weather and foul; music and dancing—the amusements peculiar to shipboard; and under the presidency of a captain, jovial, middle-aged, and possessed of the happy knack of making himself agreeable to both young and old, the days flew rapidly by.

But a dreary time was coming on, for in trying to round the Cape they had to encounter a series of bitter northern gales—so fierce that, day after day, the great Indiaman had to scud south under storm-stay-sails, the huge waves chasing her fiercely as they tried to leap on board; and at last, when fine weather once more smiled upon the travellers, it was for them to find themselves far away to the southward, where the winds blew keen and bitterly, where mists were frequent, and there was the possibility, day by day, of their encountering ice.

The light tropic clothes were cast aside, and such lady passengers as were prepared appeared in thick wrappers and furs; while those who had been expecting summer, or tropic weather, sat and shivered over the cabin fires, as they longed once more for the ardent sunshine of the hot belts.

It was too chilly for a deck game; but one bright, cold day, many of the passengers were on deck, when one of the sailors aloft, on the look-out for ice, who had been chosen by the captain on account of his having been in the Greenland whaling trade, suddenly hailed the deck with "There she spouts!" the regular whaler's announcement of a fish in sight.

"Where away?" cried the captain.

"Right ahead!" shouted the man; when glasses were hastily fetched, adjusted, and the ladies were soon, under guidance, trying hard to make out the whales.

"I did so want to see a whale, Captain Berry," said Etta, who had been favored with a glance through the captain's telescope.

"Well, my dear, try again," he said, good humoredly. "Rest the glass on the bulwark—that's the way. Now, sweep the offing—"

"Oh, dear, what nonsense you do talk!" she cried. "How am I to know what sweeping the offing is?"

"Well, gently look along the line where sea and sky meet, my dear; and then you'll see them," said the fatherly captain, smiling. "Now do you make them out?"

"I can see the water spurting up, and something black now and then," said Etta.

"That's right enough; those are the whales," said Captain Berry.

Etta gave vent to an exclamation of disappointment mingled with contempt, as she turned away with girlish petulance.

"Why, I expected to see great things as big as this ship!" she exclaimed.

"I dare say, my child," said the captain, laughing, "but this is a school of small whales, twelve or fifteen feet long—perhaps twenty."

"I say, captain," exclaimed one of the young officers, "can't you give us some sport—harpooning, and that sort of thing?"

"No," said Captain Berry, shaking his head; "we've no whaling lines."

"Oh, do harpoon some, Captain Berry," cried Etta. "I should like to see a whale caught."

"Should you, my dear? Well, I tell you what, then; we'll have a try."

Etta clapped her hands; but the next moment she looked annoyed, for Mr. Edwards said, laughingly, "I tell you what it is, captain; if any of us happen to be in disgrace, we shall know where to seek an intercessor."

"Always like to get a good character amongst my lady passengers," said the Captain, smiling. And then he hailed the top. "Come down here, Dick Lee."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the man, who, scenting sport, glided down rapidly, to pull his forelock.

"Could we rig out any whaling gear, to get fast to one of that school, do you think, Dick?"

"Let's see, sir; harpoons? Well, what we've got are werry small, but they might do. Line?"

"Lead line," suggested the captain. But the man shook his head.

"Ain't there sixty or seventy fathom of new line in store, sir, nowhere?"

"Yes; all right," said the captain. And he ordered it to be brought up. "Now, then, man the cutter."

The cutter was manned; a harness cask placed forward, in which open tub was carefully coiled a long line; a small harpoon was secured thereto, and Dick took the station of honor as harpooner, the captain himself deciding to go in the boat, with four of the passengers, who wished to see the sport.

"You coming, Mr. Edwards?" said the captain.

"Thanks, no; I think I shall look on from one of the tops."

"But you'll take me, captain?" cried a voice, which made the last speaker start. "It would be such fun, and I should be able to see nothing from here."

"Well, I don't know, little one, that I ever heard of a young lady going whaling. What would your aunt say?"

"Oh, she's in the cabin asleep; never mind her. Do take me, dear Captain Berry?" I should so like to go."

The captain seemed puzzled, and rubbed his ear in a whimsical manner, as he looked in the pretty little appealing face before him.

"Tell you what," he said; "I believe if you were to ask me for my head, I should give it to you."

"I knew you'd take me!" cried Etta, merrily, as she caught his arm with both her hands, and, the next moment, she was seated in the boat, without observing Edwards's anxious face, as he took his place close behind her.

"You here?" she said, with a slight start, as the boat was lowered down, touched the water, and was unhooked.

"Yes; why not?" he said, smiling. "I want to see the fun, too."

There was a smile on John Edwards's face, but it was evident that he was troubled at heart about what he looked upon as an exceedingly wild trick; but he grew more reconciled upon hearing the captain laughingly tell the willful girl that there was not much likelihood of their coming up with the fish.

"But they're not fish, Captain Berry, are they?" exclaimed Etta.

"No, my dear, but we always call them so. But, I say, Dick, how about the sport?"

"We'll get fast on to one, never fear," said Dick, confidentially, as he stood, harpoon in hand, watching where, half a mile ahead, a couple of jets of water showed that a small whale was blowing. "Keep quiet, please, and steer as I wave my hands."

The men smiled, as they glanced at the animated countenance of the young girl, who seemed to grow each moment more excited.

"You ain't been whaling before, none of you," said Dick, turning to speak in a low tone; "so be on the look-out, and, when I shout 'Starn all!' back water with all your might."

The boat's crew gave a growl of assent, and now warming to their work, they made the water foam beneath the light vessel's bows, while every eye was fixed upon the gambolling sea-monsters ahead, as they rolled over porpoise fashion, now showing their heads, their backs, and now and then their flukes, as first one and then another took a dive downward, to come up again elsewhere, spurting the water up in a jet of spray that, at a distance, almost resembled so much white smoke. Even Edwards, in spite of his uneasiness, could not help feeling a little of the excitement that pervaded his companions, as they now rowed right up to where the whales had been playing but a few minutes before.

They were, as had been said, only small specimens of the huge monsters of the deep. Probably not one exceeded sixteen feet; but they were not wanting in caution, for, as the boat neared them, one by one, they all disappeared, to the great disappointment of Etta.

But under Dick's guidance the boat was rowed on, till the young girl uttered an exclamation of fear, for reckoning rightly where one of the shoal would re-appear, Dick stood with harpoon poised; and just as a huge, dark body rose above a wave, he darted the iron instrument, for it to fall half a dozen yards from him in the water, checked by a kink in the line.

He uttered an exclamation of impatience, re-adjusted the line, and stood once more for another trial.

"Better luck this time, Dick," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir; but this comes out in rings as stiff as wire. A good wetting will put it right."

Again silence was called, and the boat, by careful steering, was made to creep cautiously toward where one monster was gambolling.

"Let me stand up to see," whispered Etta; and holding by the hands of two of the young men, she stood up in the boat, just as, with a vigorous throw, Dick darted the harpoon into the back of the slippery monster.

"Starn all!" shouted Dick, and the oars were plied; there was a tremendous lashing of the water, a hissing noise made by the rope, and in an instant, like a spring, a dozen coils leaped out of the open tub together; there was a snap like a whip, and the next moment Etta Norris was encircled by the rope, plucked from where she stood, and disappeared over the side.

For a few brief moments every man in the boat sat as if paralyzed—stunned, as it were, by the recollection of the fatal coil that had snatched the bright figure from amongst them. The rope was still running rapidly out, the rings were uncoiling regularly, and, from the direction, it was evident that the monster was swimming close to the surface.

Edwards was the first to recover, and darting forward, he saw that in another few seconds the coils would all be out, and the end being fastened to the boat, there would be a check, and a tightening of the rope, such as would be fatal to her round whom it was entangled. There was barely time for thought, but he did that which seemed to him right under the circumstances. With one bold cut of the axe, laid by Dick's foresight in the bows, he divided the line, and then standing up, shrieked rather than cried to the men to give way.

They needed no incentive, and following the direction pointed out by Dick, the boat was made almost to leap over the waves till with a hoarse cry, Edwards leaped from the bows, forced himself through the water, and in the next moment had his arm round Etta, just as the wounded monster, who had come up to breathe, was about to dart in a different direction.

For a moment the line was slackened, and in that moment John Edwards had a life of agony as he dragged at the coil which was over the poor girl's shoulders, holding her arms to her sides. Could he free her, or must they be dragged down together to death? He never for a moment thought of leaving her.

One tug at the line, but there was ring after ring over tightening with the wet; and it was, in the confusion, half-strangled as he was by the water, apparently immovable. There was no time to get out a knife. He could not loosen the rings. Yes, he could; one was passed over her head; but there was another and another. He had one more loose, though, and if he could but pass it and the next, she would be free.

But could he do it before it was once more tightened?

How rapid was the thought, but how slow the motion of his hands! Life, death—life, death—which was it to be?

Another ring passed over her head, but this last kink was dreadful; there was a perfect knot, and he was nearly helpless; while now, "Heaven be our help!" gasped the rescuer, for there was a fierce drag, which bound his hands to her inanimate form. They were both entangled in the rope, and he felt that they were being dragged rapidly through the water.

It was to be death, then—death with her—young, bright, and snatched away in an instant. Nothing could be done. They were, he knew, beyond help, and insensibility was coming fast, when there was another fierce snatch—the rapid motion ceased—and the black darkness where they were seemed to change to twilight—light—sunshine! They were at the surface; and, with one hand at liberty, he battled with the water, but only feebly, as he gasped for breath amidst the strangling foam. Where was the boat? Was that the sound of oars? A shout—or was it only the singing and thundering of the water in his ears? He could not tell, for there was the darkness—the strangling coming again, as they sank, and a strange feeling of numbness was stealing over him, to chain his limbs. Another effort, though, for life—a few vigorous strokes with that one arm—and they were again afloat. There was a touch, as of cold iron to his flesh—a drag—and the next moment they were pulled, bound together as they were, over the boat's side; for in that last fierce tug given by the fish, the harpoon had been loosened, and the rope, with it attached, was now slowly dragged over the bows.

"Give way, my lads," cried the captain, and the boat seemed to fly, for they were a good mile from the ship. The school of whales was forgotten, and every effort made to restore consciousness to the sufferers, with the effect, before long, of making Edwards unclose his eyes, gaze about for a few moments in a bewildered fashion, and then eagerly turn to where—cold, pale and motionless—poor little Etta lay, supported in Captain Berry's arms.

"I'd sooner have lost my ship, Mr. Edwards, that I would!" he exclaimed. "God bless the poor child! who would ever have thought of such an end as this to our trip? How are we to face her aunt!"

Edwards made no reply in words, but he took the first steps toward Etta's recovery by endeavoring to restore respiration—efforts which he strenuously kept up until they reached the vessel, where the insensible girl was placed in the care of the doctor.

Those were agonizing moments as John Edwards paced the deck, forgetful of his own condition, in the absorbing desire to know whether it was to be hope or despair.

The doctor had refused to give any answer when applied to, but issued his orders in sharp, peremptory tones; and then, with Etta's aunt, and a couple more of the lady passengers, shut himself up in the cabin with the patient; while a chill seemed to fall upon the whole ship, orders being given in a subdued tone of voice, and even the roughest, weather-worn features wearing an aspect of anxiety. For every one on board had loved the merry, light-hearted, willful girl, who had a cheerful smile for every one; and not a man was there but would have risked his life to have saved her.

Two hours passed; and then, with despair settling down upon his heart, John Edwards rested against the saloon door, that he might be the first to hear news. Even those who had considered themselves his rivals, respected the bitter anguish painted in the strong man's face. He had rescued her—his daring act had been her salvation, if she was spared; and, therefore, one and all felt disposed to give place.

At last, though, that cabin door opened, and Edwards caught the surgeon by the wrist. He would have questioned him, but the words would not come—only his lips parted. There was the question, though, plainly written in his agonized features; and the surgeon laid his hand kindly upon the other's shoulder as he uttered the word that set John Edwards's heart at rest.

"Life! It was a hard struggle, though; and but for what you did in the boat, my efforts would have been in vain."

But Edwards only heard that first word. Before the rest of the sentence had been uttered, he was staggering away, reeling like a drunken man, till the surgeon passed an arm through his, and saw him to his berth, where, seeing that medical aid was needed, he took such steps as prevented the feverish symptoms he detected from getting a firmer hold.

A softly uttered, but none the less hearty cheer rang through the ship as soon as it was known that the danger was past; and then passengers and crew fell into knots, to discuss the little expedition. The line, too, and the tub were examined, and Dick Lee, the whaler, was called upon again and again to exemplify the manner in which the rings of stiff rope had darted, spring-like, from the tub in which they were coiled, to twine in an instant round the standing figure, and snatch it from the boat.

"Such things have been known to happen before now," said the captain. "Eh, Dick?"

"Ay, ay, sir! They never did in my boat, but I have known of men being taken over by the whole-line, but never to come back any more."

"Who'd have thought, though, that in such play-work as ours any such accident could have happened?"

A week had passed, when one afternoon, as John Edwards was leaning over the side, his heart beat, and a flush darted into his cheeks. He had been rather moody during the past day or two, and an intense feeling of disappointment had taken possession of his soul; but now in a few brief instants it was all dissipated, for a note was placed in his hands, and that note was from the invalid, to invite him to visit her that afternoon.

He was received at the cabin door by Mrs. Norris, who then left them; and Edwards hurried up to the couch where lay Etta, so pale and altered as to be hardly recognizable as she stretched out one little thin hand to greet him.

The next moment he was upon his knees at her side; and, unchidden, he raised her upon his arm, exclaiming as he did so, in husky tones, "My poor child, has it come to this?"

Her little hands nestled, both in one of his, and her large eyes gazed up timidly in his face, her own working the while, her lips quivering, and hardly suppressed sobs struggling to escape from her breast. And there she lay, awaking moment by moment to the fact of how deeply that strong man loved her, risking his life for her sake—who had daringly, as she had heard again and again, brought her back from the shadow of death, and who was now so moved by her pitiable state that the great hot tears were forced from his eyes to fall one by one upon her breast.

She gazed up at him almost curiously for awhile, but sweeter and softer feelings were fast prevailing. It never once occurred to her to shrink from him—to look upon his greeting as strange—for it seemed to her that he had now established a right to her regard; that the life he had saved belonged to him, and that the devotion of the rest of that life would hardly repay him for what he had done.

Few words were spoken as the time glided on; and once only did John Edwards think of the change that had come over the wayward girl; but at last he was brought back to the past by her own remarks, as at first hesitatingly, and afterwards in clear, firm tones, she said, "Do you think it possible that such a shock as this could change me from a child into a woman?"

His only answer was a kiss pressed tenderly and lovingly upon her forehead.

"I seem to have been awakened, as it were, since I have lain here so helpless, and to have been able to see how light and foolish I have been. I know, too, that I must have wounded you often; but you will forgive it, I was ignorant and childish then."

He closed her lips with a kiss, and, with a sigh, she lay back heavier upon his arm; for, as she had said, she had been awakened, rudely, perhaps, but none the less surely, to the earnest love she had been slighting—not blameably, for she knew it only in name. Love had seemed to her the plaything of the idle—a kind of incense offered to her by every young man whom she met; but here was genuine sacrifice itself; and, as she thought upon it all, the weak tears stole from her eyelids, half-closed as they were; but there was a smile upon her lip the while.

"You can believe me now, then?" he whispered, at length.

"Believe!" she said reproachfully. "I believed you then; but it was something that I could hardly realize."

"And are you happy, then, my child?" he asked.

"Not a child now," she said, with something of her old gay smile, though softened and subdued; and a thrill of joy shot through the breast of John Edwards, for he knew that it was a true and loving woman that he pressed to his heart.

For the change had come, and quickly, too. A few short hours had turned the light and merry girl into a quiet, subdued woman—a character from which returning health made no detraction. There were those on board who looked upon it as evanescent; but they were wrong; and when, after a prosperous voyage, disembarkation followed, there was a hearty cheer given as John Edwards led Etta ashore—a cheer led by the sturdy captain himself, and echoed again and again by many a young officer and cadet, though it were hard to say that there were none present who did not envy John Edwards his affianced bride.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

I heard it from Madame Croyeaux's own lips. It was not a thrilling story, and yet I was thrilled as I stood at my post behind the poor, sickly Miss Ethel's sofa and listened.

Miss Ethel's brother—my handsome, childless widower master, Granville Norton, of Norton Hall—affected princely style in those days, and this Madame Croyeaux was one of his many guests. Though a stranger, no one asked of her antecedents, for the Denhams had introduced her at Norton Hall as their friend and guest, and that was a passport.

Once introduced, she queened it by right of her brilliant genius, blonde-haired beauty and majestic presence. And how beautiful she was! how incomparably charming and majestic! how graceful! how enchanting in every way! And how the men worshiped her! And men they were, too—elegant, courtly, gifted men—none of the flippant, superficial youths we see now-a-days. They all worshiped her; but Mr. Norton became her bondman at once, and I, by some inexplicable fascination I was powerless to resist, the keen and constant observer of both. Looking back upon those days, I verily believe he would have bartered his soul for one glance of love from the enchantress, who made a toy of his passion with a consummate art and delicacy that silenced, even while challenging, invidious remark. But I digress.

One day, about a week after her arrival at Norton Hall, Madame Croyeaux entered the drawing-room radiantly beautiful in sheeny white satin, white velvet, and white japonicas. On her breast, half lost among the marabout feathers elaborately trimming the rich velvet over-dress, gleamed a brooch representing a bunch of blue forget-me-nots.

This exquisite ornament attracted Mr. Norton's attention. I saw him start and turn pale. Madame Croyeaux saw the same; but it suited her to play blind. The eyes, so singularly dark for the gold-like hair and pearly skin, appeared to pass over him at the moment, and her voice rang its sweet, gay changes composedly as ever. With a graceful apology Mr. Norton presently commented upon the beauty of the ornament. Madame smiled one of the indescribably tender smiles with which she often lured him.

"Ah, you admire my modest gem, Mr. Norton? Certainly it is unique. But it possesses other claims upon your notice. A romantic story invests it with interest."

"Indeed!" Mr. Norton returned in properly inflected voice, though a slight huskiness seemed to indicate some deeper feeling than he would have cared to express.

"Yes, a story of love and desertion," she responded with the same enchanting smile, unfastening the brooch.

As she placed it in his hand, a dozen voices from the admiring throng surrounding her, pleaded eagerly for the story. And in the little stir of entreaty the guests remarked not the agitation with which their host was examining the gem. By a mighty effort he controlled himself, and none too soon. Madame Croyeaux drew all eyes upon him the moment after. Turning with inimitable grace, she bent her bewitching gaze upon him, murmuring in soft, siren tones:

"But should not our host entreat?"

For an instant he looked as if he would have fallen in dumb worship at her feet. The next he was restoring the brooch and saying in tones of deep, thrilling tenderness, apparently oblivious of every other ear:

"Your host does entreat. Shall he do so in vain?"

Her splendid eyes glanced an impassioned reply that would have half maddened a less infatuated man. Her lips framed a cooler one.

"Did you see the name?" she carelessly smiled, turning the brooch and reading the delicately engraved inscription: "'Cora from her husband.'"

"But let us hear about this Cora," interrupted a lady. "What was she like, and what was her story?"

A sudden gust of passionate emotion swept Madame Croyeaux's lovely face, and her instant reply rang out with a thrilling vehemence impossible to describe.

"What was she like? She was like a burning flame!—like a fierce tropical sun! A tall, magnificent, dark-haired, dark-eyed woman, whose veins were always on fire with the few drops of hot Spanish blood which mingled with the colder American. A woman in whose heart love burned a wild and desolating passion, and hatred swore deadly vengeance. A woman whose grace, loveliness and witching charm drove men mad. Such was Cora—at least such the world said she was, and I think the world chanced to be right. Her story is in harmony with her nature. You shall hear it."

And the flute-like voice dropped to a lower, though none the less impassioned tone.

"She was young—a mere girl, indeed—when a high-bred, handsome Englishman found her in the lowly American home to which fate, or a higher power, had driven her. He impetuously acknowledged the power of her rare though unmatured beauty, and she, stripped by death of every close tie, gave love for love with the impetuous ardor of her nature.

"They were married—truly married, though secretly. Secretly, because an open marriage would have imperiled his interests at home. Proud and happy, the young Englishman bore his beautiful bride to a retired spot in Germany, where hidden and mutually blest they lived, for a time, their delicious life of love. But, as I said, Cora was a mere girl. Half-undeveloped in mind, and wholly ungoverned in every passion, she had, at the end of a year, tired her fickle lord with her stormy, worshiping love. Very gladly would he have annihilated the bond between them. But a stronger feeling than pity or honor restrained him, namely:—self-interest. Undesirable publicity might have followed the legal breaking of the marriage contract.

"Love's fine intuitions soon made Cora mistress of his secret wishes, and with the fierce, uncontrolled vehemence which characterized her, she alternately reproached and entreated, raved and caressed, till he perforce soothed her with—lies! He swore his love was deep and unalterable—that naught could or should separate him from her. Nevertheless he meant to rid himself of his devotee, and the opportunity soon offered."

In the deep silence which followed Madame Croyeaux's pause, I distinctly heard Mr. Norton's quick respirations as he rested a heavy hand on the back of Miss Ethel's sofa. But I had little time for observation, madame's thrice-impassioned voice claiming every thought.

"Cora knew little of her husband's fine English home, and thought less, her mad love rendering all things unimportant that did not directly touch their daily life. She was, however, well aware that letters urging a speedy return to England were constantly reaching him, though she was never made fully acquainted with their contents; doubtless for the good reason that his desires and future interests might have been hazarded by too much openness. And the event proved his wisdom. For years his safeguard lay in the deplorable ignorance in which he left her, when a command too peremptory to be disregarded at length necessitated his return.

"Her grief at the parting was pitiful. But trusting in his lying protestations of undying love, and promises to soon provide a secret home for her in England, she bade him a heart-breaking adieu. Poor fool! how she watched and waited for the letters and time that never came! Poor deluded, loving fool!

"The letters and time never came; but one day the awful truth smote her. Another elegant young Englishman crossed her path, and she discovered that her ruthless lord had cruelly defamed her.

"The cool Englishman laughed at her fiery indignation and scorn, and mockingly asked to be shown her marriage certificate. Though flaming with passion, and contempt the man before her, she turned with proud confidence to the little escritoire in which it had been deposited on the day of her marriage.

"Poor Cora! The cool Englishman's deriding laugh was scarcely heard as she bent in mute despair over the vacant space it had once filled.

"She understood it all, then—understood that she, a poor ignorant girl, was utterly, hopelessly deserted in a foreign land, and that her bitter portion must be, for a season at least, calumny, insult and scorn. She understood, and gathering up her baby girl, and the purse grown fearfully slender, vowed to render shame for shame, and agony for agony, to him to whom both were due.

"She developed in those days as only women of her nature could develope under such circumstances. Finely gifted, she quickly rose above the level to which she had been sunk, and became the self-controlled woman at whose feet men began to worship, and of whose charms they madly raved. Though she carefully avoided English soil, this celebrity might perhaps have interfered with her scheme of vengeance by bringing her prematurely before the notice of her husband. But just when the danger seemed imminent, she died."

"Died!" And amid the moore of regretful voices, Mr. Norton's fervent "Thank Heaven!" was unheard—at least, by all but two.

Madame Croyeaux's quick, peculiar glance proved it had not escaped her ear. This glance had scarcely been withdrawn, when a sharp spasm of pain contracted her features. Some one was putting the eager inquiry:

"The child—what of it? Is it living?"

"Dead! dead!" she cried, in a voice so sharpened and full of woe, that many a startled, questioning gaze rested upon her.

She was not unobservant of it, I think, for she instantly added, in a quiet, emotionless tone that at once dissipated the impression just made—

"Fortunately it lived but a few months—and considering all the circumstances one could not deplore its early death."

"And the husband—who was he? May we ask?"

An ashy paleness settled on Mr. Norton's face. But the red blood soon flowed back; for madame shook her beautiful head. Nevertheless he shot a singularly inquiring and penetrating glance at her as she replied—

"That question I cannot answer. Cora never sullied her lips with his name, and had silently renounced it long before I knew her."

"And so she is dead, and there will be no thrilling sequel to the story," a young lady regretfully observed.

"Yes, dead; and this little brooch I received from her dying hand."

The relief depicted on Mr. Norton's countenance was unshared by me. In spite of the death of Madame's heroine, I feared there would be a sequel to the story which might prove both unwelcome and thrilling—at least to him. Consequently my thought brooded over madame with feverish persistence. And when I one day found her alone in the library, leaning over the great cabinet escritoire in a way I was sure indicated some especial interest in the lock I had heard Mr. Norton say no key but his own could ever turn, I became deeply anxious.

She was no common thief, this beautiful Madame Croyeaux, at whose shrine men and women alike worshiped. What, then, did she want? What coveted thing lay within that century-old escritoire? Wherefore should she be tampering with its lock?

Hourly these questions disturbed me. But a certain day in the following week proved that no fine intuition had warned Mr. Norton of possible danger and calamity.

On that day, shortly after the ringing of the dressing bell, Miss Ethel sent me to his door on some trifling errand. Learning from the valet that he had not yet come up, I descended to the library. He was there, and with Madame Croyeaux. They stood before the open escritoire. Intent on showing her the peculiarities and beauties in which it abounded, he paused only long enough to say, as I hesitated on the threshold—

"Directly, Alice."

Obedient to the implied command I closed the door and waited. But in less than a minute I was forgotten by both.

"It is not quite perfect, Mr. Norton," madame presently smiled, in response to some laudatory remark. It needs a secret drawer, or something of that kind, to make it so."

And to my suspicious mind a keen interest lay under the light words.

Mr. Norton laughed proudly and significantly. Madame also laughed.

"Does that mean it has one?" she asked, with charming persuasiveness.

Mr. Norton laughed even more significantly.

"I suppose *I* need not ask to be more fully enlightened?" she murmured, leaning half fondly toward him as she smiled her baleful smile into his eyes.

He caught her hand and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"You!" he murmured, an impassioned protest in every tone. "You! Ask my life, and see me give it!"

"Your life, but not the secret of your

secretoire," she again smiled in her maddening way.

"Is that your belief? See!"

And with a low whirr a little ornamental panel shot back under the pressure of his fingers, disclosing two or three divisions of varied size. In one of these lay what appeared to be a folded piece of parchment. As it caught madame's eye, a passing gleam of triumph lit her face. Nor was Mr. Norton wholly undisturbed. He started, and his handsome features expressed both surprise and annoyance. But madame spoke, and under the glamour of her presence she alone was remembered.

"Ah! How did you do it?" she asked with just the proper degree of interest.

And she leaned forward in such a way as to sweep his cheek with her lovely yellow hair and fragrant breath. He murmured some fond, inarticulate words, and taking the beautiful hand, just kissed, pressed her fingers against the concealed spring.

But I waited no longer. Returning to Miss Ethel, I very truthfully reported that Mr. Norton was too much engaged to attend to me.

Just at this time there were few guests at Norton Hall, the gap made by a number who had left two or three days previous not having yet been filled by those expected. Consequently when on the following morning Madame Croyeaux broke a positive engagement to ride with the others, she was the only guest in the house.

The fact occasioned me secret inquietude, and suspicious of every movement, I determined to redouble the strict watch I had kept upon her for some days. Fortunately for my plan, Miss Ethel dismissed me at an early hour, saying she wished to remain quietly in her room till evening, and would ring when my services were required.

Confident that Madame Croyeaux was manœuvring and for a purpose, I at once directed my steps to the library, believing that the purpose would lead her there, if it had not already done so. To my relief I found it tenantless; and hastily concealing myself among the folds of the curtains heavily draping the great bay window, I waited.

But minute after minute passed till an hour had gone; and I was anxiously meditating an unobtrusive search for madame, when the door opened, and she entered. Not, however, as I expected, alone. To my unbounded amazement Mr. Norton was beside her, though I had seen him ride from the door with the others. His first words, uttered as the door closed behind them, explained the mystery.

"You begged me to invent an excuse and come back, and I did so, you see."

Madame made no reply as they crossed the floor, unless her bewitching smile shaped one, and I was about to leave my hiding-place, and the room, when he again spoke, and chained me through very delicacy to my seat.

"Love brought me, and love keeps me, as you well know. Will you give love for love? Will you come?"

And he paused before her and extended his arms in a fond, tremulous entreaty that might have softened a heart of adamant. Perhaps it softened madame's as she stood there. At all events her hand tightened convulsively over the delicate web of a handkerchief, and the elegant vinaigrette partially concealed in its folds, her head drooping lower and lower every moment.

Evidently Mr. Norton construed the silence and emotion favorably to himself. He drew a step nearer. Placing a hand under the declined chin, he murmured in quick, impassioned accents—

"My queen! my love! my life! Look up, and bid me live!" With gentle force he raised the drooping head, and though the silken eyelashes persistently veiled the eyes, he sought to meet, a soft, assuming smile returned a beautiful and eloquent reply. Enchanted, he caught her to his heart.

Madame Croyeaux's face was an unpleasant enigma to me when she directly lifted it from its resting-place. Gazing into his eyes she tenderly raised her hands to his face, and while pressing against one bearded cheek the laced web enfolding the vinaigrette, lovingly stroked the other with the soft pink palm beautiful enough for a king to have honored. For a little her touch, and the baleful tenderness in her eyes, seem to hold him in a delicious trance. Presently he panted in dreamy tones—

"My love—the world reels—I grow faint—under the ecstatic bliss of this moment." And he leaned unsteadily against her.

I caught only the infinitely tender accents of her murmured reply. But when sunk with a sigh into the easy chair to which she supported him, I heard her say as she lifted the vinaigrette—

"This will relieve you."

And perhaps it did; for when she directly asked in her soft dulcet tones, "Are you better?" there was no reply.

Perhaps he smiled though. His head was turned from me, and I could not see. But I presently saw her smile, and a strange one it was. And a minute after I saw her toss handkerchief and vinaigrette on a table near, and slip her fair hand into his vest pocket and withdraw a key which I knew well.

There was no smile on her face then; but an expression of Satanic triumph far worse. With a last keenly scrutinizing glance at him, she hastily approached the escritoire.

For a time the lock refused to yield to the impulse of her shaking hand. But it did at length; in another minute the panel shot back. The paper or parchment was still there. She seized it eagerly.

"Mad fool!" she laughed contemptuously. "He has kept it for me in spite of my fear! Yet I am none too soon. He might to-day remember to do what was evidently put off, and so forgotten till yesterday. The surprise and annoyance in his face told plainly enough he thought he had destroyed it long ago. Ha! ha! If he had known *to whom* he was confiding his pleasant secret! Ha! ha! ha!"

The low, derisive laughter was silenced by a deep sigh from Mr. Norton. Starting violently, she turned and flashed an uneasy glance at him.

"Too little!" she muttered, refolding her stolen treasure. "Too little by far! I was afraid of giving too much. I must be quick."

And she restored the panel to its place, and closed and locked the escritoire with lightning swiftness.

Up to this moment I had watched in breathless silence. But when she approached Mr. Norton with a movement that indicated an intention to secrete the paper in her bosom, I darted from my hiding-place. Grasping her arm, I attempted to seize it, crying in quick, excited tones:

"Stop! Give it up! It belongs to my master; you can't have it!"

Though her face turned ghastly white, her air was that of a queen. Haughtily shaking off my grasp she pushed me aside.

"Back, fool! back!" she commanded, in deep tones, a supreme scorn flashing from her eyes and ringing through her voice.

"I will not! You shall give me that paper!—it is none of yours!" I answered, vehemently, as I again attempted to snatch it from her hand.

"Alice!"

The stern, though feeble voice sealing her lips for a minute was Mr. Norton's. Quickly twining my arm in the folds of her dress lest she should escape, I turned to him with the eager protest:

"See! see! Mr. Norton, she has your escritoire key in her hand, and that paper she took from behind the secret panel! I saw her take it!" pointing to what she was now holding coolly as firmly.

Evidently he comprehended the whole in an instant. He groaned, and made an ineffectual attempt to rise. Madame observed it, a cold smile touching her lips. Turning imperiously to me, she struck my hand sharply with the document.

"Loose my dress, fool, and bring him water."

Controlled by her lofty mein and superior will, I crossed the room and did her bidding. Not, however, till I had locked the door and placed the key in my bosom. It pleased her to ignore that cautious act.

"Place it to his lips and let him drink," she imperiously commanded, and as I withdrew the goblet, "there is his handkerchief; dip it into the water and bathe his face and hands. That will do," she presently said in the same imperious tone. "A few minutes will entirely restore him."

And thrusting the paper within her bosom, she silently chafed back and forth before him till arrested by his voice.

"What does it all mean?" he asked, with forced composure, as he rose and approached her.

She turned upon him like a tigress; every look and movement instinct with scorn, hatred, and proud triumph.

I uttered a low cry of terror. It drew her attention upon me.

PENNY, No. 319 Walnut Street.

do you? So! I will proceed, then. I will let your anxious ear learn how she died.

"It was a strange death, my noble host—ha! ha! a very strange death—a death that few women die. But it was her choice, the neat little scheme of vengeance in her mind rendering it an advisable one.

"My noble host, you have heard of the late Madame Holland? Yes? But it never entered your mind that the gifted and charming queen of tragedy was your own wife? That being so, you doubtless read the death and burial scenes with which the papers teemed—regretting that the world had lost so rare a genius. My noble host, I will tell you a secret that the world little suspects—one known only to a chosen and discreet few—*Madame Holland's remains lie not under the tasteful monument erected to her memory!* Madame Holland died not *as you think!* The death and burial of which you read was a consummate piece of stage work, my host! Until that hour I had never known the woman—never fathomed her almost unfathomable soul. But I will tell you how she *did* die.

"While the world mourned, she lived in Paris in the closest retirement, and under the hands of a certain *artiste* she triumphantly watched her brown hair glisten into threads of flossy gold, and her soft skin take the lily's whiteness. My host, for the sake of standing unknown before you in this grand house, she even dared death and wasting disease by the use of arsenic. You have no idea—have you?—how completely the pearly skin and wonderfully bleached hair, with the addition of a splendid costume, changed the simple, unformed Cora Norton of your memory into the—*Madame Croyeaux she chose to be!*

"It is true you started a little at the first glance of madame's eyes and the first sound of madame's voice; but the golden locks, with the fine cultivation and the nameless witchery, never possessed by your Cora, speedily comforted you.

"But you look anxious—your face is as ghastly and horror-struck as Cora's when she found you had meanly left her to beggary and shame. More ghastly by far than when, long after your desertion, she chanced across an old English paper which proved you had added bigamy to your crimes. Granville Norton, that paper did more than prove that—it gave the sweet, the long and vainly-sought knowledge which she vowed should soon lead her to your side.

"And now tell me, do you fully realize *to whom* you have been playing agreeable host and lover? And do you comprehend Madame Croyeaux's desire for that which she has gained through much finesse and trouble? It might—this strip of parchment in her bosom—prove slightly detrimental to your good name, don't you think?

"My pale, recreant lord, it SHALL. 'Shame for shame' is justly your due, and shall be justly rendered!

"Think you that the man publicly charged with the low crime of bigamy will ever again lift a proud crest among men? Think you that the bigamist Norton will be the honored and courted Norton of to-day? Never! Never! And so 'shame for shame' will be your portion. Existing as you do in the smiles and approbation (merited or unmerited) of your fellows, the cut polite and the cut direct will alike reach your self-loving heart. Or, if there be no cut at all, it must be the same—*you can never forget that others remember!* My recreant lord, Madame Croyeaux asks no greater shame for you.

"But a word about this certificate. I chose to desire it and became your guest, trusting you had been unwise enough to preserve it. For years I toiled, in hope of gaining possession of this certificate, as it seemed the only proof of your crime I could hope to gain. Now it is not of vital importance to me. I have other and incontestible evidence at hand, and but for the difficulty of collecting it, I would have been here long ago—long before the acknowledged Mrs. Norton died."

She paused, as if stirred by some new thought, and the eyes just blazing scorn and exultation upon Mr. Norton, suddenly softened. Bending slightly toward him, she searched his face keenly and eagerly. It was only for an instant. The next, her own was hastily buried in her hands.

Hitherto Mr. Norton had stood gazing at her motionless as a statue, excepting an occasional start and voiceless movement of the lips. Now something like life animated him. A slight flush colored his white face, and a ray of hope beamed from his dull eyes. Like one half paralyzed, he left the chair on which he had been leaning and approached her. When he spoke, I knew it was love of Madame Croyeaux—the shock of seeing the supposed adoring woman transformed into a pitiless Nemesis that had thus palsied mind and body.

"Cora! Cora!" he pleaded in low, husky tones. "Cora, forget your terrible words; forget my sin and love me again! Forget, because I love you—because my very life is dependent on your presence and smiles! Speak to me, Cora!—in pity speak to me!"

He waited, a dog-like humility and entreaty in his eyes as he gazed at the white, jeweled hands. Presently her answer came—the low, tremulous words:

"You love me truly, now, Granville?"

"Truly? Truly? Are you blind, Cora! Do you not see that you hold my existence in your hands?—that having all things, I would yet have nothing if your love were wanting?"

The white hands he was gently trying to imprison, suddenly flashed from her face. Repelling him fiercely, she drew back a pace or two.

"Then go! Take 'agony for agony' as I swore you should! Go! and remember how I once knelt at your feet and pleaded for your love! Remember how I kissed your shapely hands, and twined my arms about your knees in my mortal woe! Remember, and when you remember ask yourself whether I shall ever forget! Love you! Know that all the waters of all the oceans could never wash from my lips the stain of the kisses with which you polluted them awhile ago!"

And flashing a last glance of withering scorn upon him, she turned haughtily to me.

"Open the door!" she commanded, and the next minute swept proudly from the room.

Mr. Norton's eyes followed her in a stupified gaze till the door closed. Then he sank into a chair. I sprung to his side. He lifted his head and looked up vacantly.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Oh, yes, I remember—Alice. Go away, child! Go away!" repeating harshly, as I anxiously lingered, "Go away, I tell you! Am I not to be master in my own house? Go!"

I went then; but I caught his muttered words:

"My punishment is greater than I can bear! May Heaven prove more merciful!"

Three hours after this a little group gathered near me as I waited for the housekeeper in the upper hall.

"Yes, dead! Stone dead!" whispered a lady, in awe struck tones. "Found prone on the library floor! Died of apoplexy, Dr. Marsh says. Is it not dreadful?"

"Dreadful!" absently answered Madame Croyeaux. "Dreadful, indeed, to be thus foiled by death!"

"What did you say?" the lady who had spoken asked in some surprise.

Madame started.

"I hardly know what I said," she gravely replied. "But I was mentally bewailing his untimely end. Death has snatched him from more than the world suspects. His future was full of promise."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Ah Pick is the appropriate name of a Chinese California miner.

☞ Somebody is advertising a preparation warranted to keep a lady's hand free from chaps. We know another way to effect this. Let her have it known that she has no money.

☞ An elderly lady endeavoring to post a letter in a hydrant, is a spectacle to make an oyster weep.

☞ Whose?—The local editor of an Illinois paper says that he does not depend upon journalism for his daily bread, but raises hens; which moves an envious rival to ask whose hens he raises.

☞ Scene after examination. Excited Freshman—Did I pass my examination, professor? Professor (with proud scorn)—No, sir! Oh dances Freshie, radiant with smiles. Prof.—You misunderstand me; you failed, sir! Incorrigible Fr.—Ah! but I won a bet, you see. Prof. staggers.

☞ A Detroit furniture man hung out a card inscribed "Buggy! For Sale!" and placed it upon a second-hand bedstead.

☞ A duel between an Opelika editor and "another citizen" did not take place last week, because the other citizen recollected at the last moment that he had another appointment which he couldn't possibly postpone.

☞ A Worcester, Mass., man has found out how to choke off seemingly interminable sermons. He shouts "Fire!" just as "seventeenthly" intervenes, and dismisses the congregation.

☞ A young man with a voice like a hoarse buzz-saw sang a song at a Brooklyn sparring exhibition, the other night, and was going to sing another, but changed his mind when he saw some fellows passing brickbats around the room in baskets.

☞ Such fine weather prevails in Titusville that the people sit in their arbors and peruse patent office reports and other light literature.

☞ A gentleman was warmly eulogizing the constancy of an absent husband in the presence of his loving wife. "Yes, yes," assented she, "he writes letters full of the agony of affection, but he never remits me any money." "I can conceive of that," said the other, "for I know his love to be unremitting."

☞ The reputation of members of the Legislature for sobriety seems to be rather bad. Two of them were rather noisily drunk on a railroad train the other day, and when the conductor remonstrated one of them pompously asked: "Do you know, sir, that I am a member of the Legislature?' The conductor quietly replied, "You've got the symptoms."

☞ Out of forty girls at a boarding-school none of them could tell how many years George Washington was President, but they knew to a cent the cost of any kind of bustle in the market.

☞ One of the corpses picked up at the Atlantic wreck had on a quilted vest, and in every diamond of the quilting there was a sovereign, there being in all about eighty, equal to four hundred dollars.

☞ A correspondent suggests that all hotels should be supplied with small balloons which should be so secured to the windows of the sleeping apartments as to be easily entered therefrom. In case of fire the lodgers could enter these balloons, cut the cord, and in a very few moments be safe from danger of conflagration.

☞ A Western jury recently brought in a verdict of "justifiable breach of promise." Shortly afterward, an infuriated female was travelling around town with a scowl on her face and a seven shooter in her hand. The jurors lay very low that day.

☞ A chap who in some mysterious manner had received a bid to a large and fashionable party, was somewhat disconcerted on finding that he was not acquainted with a single person present, nor a double one either. Finally he perceived an elderly gentleman of a disconsolate mien looking over a photographic album. Our hero made for this party of the second part and said: "I say, you and I don't seem to know anybody here. Let's go home." It was the head of the house.

☞ A Missouri beldame sans merci recently burned off her lover's whiskers, because their color did not match that of her best dress.

☞ A tailless calf was born in Indiana, last week, who is enjoying life now—but wait until fly time.

☞ "Half a pound of shot judiciously administered to sympathetic cats, at this season of the year, will bear fruit in increased hours of slumber throughout the summer, and have a tendency to prevent a corner in the chicken market."

☞ A Boston girl who was married four years ago in a dress worth $5,000, may now be seen splitting her own kindlings and doing her own washing.

☞ A divorce cannot be obtained in Japan, even if the husband has not one hair left on his head.

☞ There is a man in Southport whose name is Scheikughwankilati. It is all right enough as long as he is kept in Southport, but he is going west to found a town, and the brakemen out there will soon have an opportunity to break their hearts and spring their jaws on Scheikughwankilatiborough.

☞ An eminent English oculist, not long since, was called in to see a curious case, or rather patients, for there were two of them. They were two grizzly bears at the "Zoo," and he was asked as a favor to operate upon them for cataract. Chloroform was administered, and the operations were successful, but unluckily one of the patients recovered from the anæsthesia too quickly, and considerably mauled his keeper. Some time afterward the same oculist was asked to operate on one of the tigers. But he respectfully declined the proposal, saying that he must draw the line somewhere, and he drew it at grizzly bears.

☞ A recent novel describes a man as "one of the main sleepers of the church." This is thought preferable to the "pillows of the church," especially in the railroad districts.

☞ A not altogether gallant proprietor of an English provincial menagerie, posted up the following notice: "Ladies are requested not to remain stationary in front of the cages. It tires the monkeys."

☞ A little boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma and Jenny, and Uncle Benny," adding after a moment's pause, the explanatory remark, "his name is Hutchinson."

☞ A curious superstition was recently exposed in the trial of a colored man named Williams, at Mobile, for murder. After he had committed the crime, he cut off the hand of the murdered man and preserved it in quicksilver and lime, carrying it in his pocket, and firmly believing that the talisman would protect him from any danger of detection.

☞ A very Daniel lately delivered a death sentence in Missouri. He said to the candidate for the gallows: "If guilty, you richly deserve the fate which awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification for you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care."

☞ A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition wagon," responded another.

☞ The mere presence and assemblage of women is nothing without the charm of refinement, knowledge, vivacity, power and inspiration; and these are not born in a day, and seldom come till middle and mature life, as experience becomes profound and feelings deep, when flippancy is not mistaken for wit, nor impertinence for gallantry.

☞ A youth of eighteen and a maiden of fourteen eloped from a town in New York last week, and were married at midnight. They were driven to this objectionable expedient by the stern opposition of a venerable, heartless parent, aged thirty-five years.

☞ A student, undergoing his examination, was asked what was the mode of action of disinfectants. He replied. "They smell so bad that the people open the windows, and the fresh air gets in."

☞ Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

☞ SILENCE.—One of the most important rules in science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

12 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS sent free for 50 cents by Union Co., Syracuse, N. Y. ap5-13t

HILL'S "ARCHIMEDEAN,"
THE CHAMPION
Lawn Mower of the World.

This beautiful Mower is now so well known, throughout the United States and Europe, that it requires no recommendation (over 16,000 sold in this country alone.) The only balanced Lawn Mower with A N ADJUSTABLE HANDLE.

10-inch cut, croquet mower, a beautiful little machine for small lawns, croquet grounds, cemetery lots, easily operated by a lad or miss of 10 years, price, $20; 12-inch, $22; 14-inch, standard size, $25; 2-inch, pony, $100; 32-inch, horse, for public parks and large lawns, $125. Every machine warranted to give perfect satisfaction. We challenge the world to a trial, and to produce a machine its equal. Try it, and you will buy no other.

Send for Illustrated Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
Hill's "Archimedean" Lawn Mower Co.,
COLT'S ARMORY, HARTFORD, CON.
D. LANDRETH & SON, AGENTS,
21 and 23 South Sixth St., Philada, Pa.
my3-2t

HOW TO BEHAVE AND SHINE IN SOCIETY; The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents, each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. my3-13t

"WIZARDS' CARDS.—These Wonderful cards enable any one to perform most astonishing Metamorphoses, without detection. 25 cts. a pack pre-paid. N. WHITE, 90 South Sixth street, Williamsburgh, N. Y. my3-5t

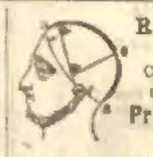
MAGIC DIP BOTTLES.—Most amusing thing ever invented. Sure to amuse old and young. Sent post-paid for 25 cts. Address W. M. NOTHGIEL, Oskaloosa, Iowa. *Circular free.* my3-7t

BOYS are making from $5 to $10 per week working for us. Address my1-3t Star Print Co., Pilada., Pa.

A California Gold Quarter.

This rare coin and pocket-piece will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cts., or five for $2. If you wish for a curiosity few have and very few can get, send for a Gold Quarter.
Address WILLIAMS & CO.
116 Smithfield street,
my3-4t Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE WILL SEND
A California Gold Quarter,
TOGETHER WITH A HANDSOME
Needle Case and Portmonnie,
to any address on receipt of $1 or four for $3.
Address WILLIAMS & CO.,
116 Smithfield street,
my3-4t Pittsburgh, Pa.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizzes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cowly

"MAGIC DRAWING SHEETS."—Agents wanted. Address BARBER BROTHERS, Port Byron, Rock Island Co., Ill. mar5-19t

CHEAP!—25 BRISTOL-BOARD CARDS, with your name neatly printed on them, and gilded with gold, for only 20 cents. Sent post-paid. Address J. C. SHELDON, Box 39, QUAKER Street, Schenectady County, N. Y. ap26-13t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

FOR
MOTH PATCHES,
Freckles and Tan,
USE
PERRY'S
MOTH AND FRECKLE
LOTION.

It is reliable and harmless.

Depot, 49 Bond St., NEW YORK.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. ap19-13t

PIMPLES ON THE FACE,
BLACKHEADS AND FLESHWORMS,
Use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. ap19-13t

WORKING CLASS—MALE OR FEMALE—$30 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instruction and valuable package of goods sent by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. mh29-13t

WINCHESTER & CO.,
703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
MEN'S FURNISHING STORE
AND
PATENT SHOULDER-SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY.

FORMULA FOR MEASUREMENT: Size around neck, chest, waist and wrist, and length of bosom and arm from middle of back to middle of hand. ap12-7t

DR. C. W. GLEASON,

Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Author of the Laws of Life and Art of Preserving Health, Editor of the Physiologist, and well-known popular lecturer on the Science of Health, &c., has just published a new and valuable work on

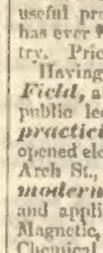
HOW TO ACQUIRE GOOD HEALTH.

This book, of four hundred and twenty-five pages, contains *Thirty-five* popular, scientific, and instructive *Lectures*, splendidly illustrated with two hundred and fifty beautiful and expensive engravings, exhibiting the structure, nature, and uses of every organ in the human body, and describing, in plain, chaste, and intelligible language, how to cultivate, strengthen, and preserve their *Health*, fully explaining the causes of their *Diseases*, how to *Prevent* and how to *Cure* them, &c. No *Book* of this kind, so expensively illustrated and containing such a vast amount of useful practical information for every one, has ever before been published in this country. Price, $2.00, sent by mail or express.

Having retired from the *Lecturing Field*, after twenty years' experience as a public lecturer, *operating* surgeon, and *practicing* physician, *Dr. Gleason* has opened elegantly furnished offices at No. 1007 Arch St., Philadelphia, with all of the best *modern* medical and surgical instruments and appliances, including Electric, Electro-Magnetic, and Galvanic *Batteries*, Electro-Chemical and other *Medicated Baths*, Medicated Inhalations, and other valuable remedies, for the thorough scientific and successful treatment of the most obstinate and difficult forms of *Chronic Disease*. Thorough scientific and skillful *Examinations* of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, &c., with the best *Modern Instruments*, including the Ophthalmoscope, Auriscope, Stethoscope, Uriscope, Microscope, Respirometer, and other approved means of detecting disease, daily from 10 to 4 o'clock, *free of charge*.

Correspondence with invalids living at a distance respectfully solicited, and when a stamp is enclosed for return postage, all professional questions will be fully and frankly answered. When requested, full, complete, and specific *Dietetic* and *Hygienic* rules and directions, with the best *Medical Remedies* for the *Cure* of Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Catarrh, Scrofula, Consumption, Nervous Debility, Disease of the Heart, Brain and Nerves, Kidneys, Bladder, Sexual Weakness, and Diseases of Women; with circulars containing valuable information as to the best means of acquiring and preserving health, sent by mail or express to all parts of the country. No charge for consultation or advice; but when *Treatment* is desired, or *Surgical Operations* are performed, a reasonable charge will be made.

fe22-3m



IMPORTANT
French Medical Discovery.
Consumption, Chlorosis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Anæmia, Dyspepsia and Pulmonary Tubercules
RADICALLY CURED
With the Elixir J. P. Bernard of Paris.
GENERAL DEPOT:
J. D. BERNARD & CO., 52 William Street, New York.
P. O. Box 4685.
Instructions sent (free) on application.
mar15-13t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.
Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. ap12-4t

AGENTS—For the Best Prize Stationery Packets in the world. Address Union Co., Syracuse, N. Y. ap5-13t

AGENTS WANTED FOR
BEHIND THE SCENES
IN WASHINGTON.
The spiciest and best selling book ever published. It tells all about the great *Credit Mobilier Scandal*, Senatorial Briberies, Congressmen, Rings, Lobbies, and the Wonderful Sights of the National Capital. It sells quickly. Send for circulars, and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. mh22-4t

FREE TO YOU! FREE TO ALL!
BOOK of NEW RECEIPTS
An Illustrated book of the odd, quaint, curious and interesting. 52 pages; 50 illustrations. Mailed for two stamps. Address BLACKIE & CO., 749 Broadway, New York. ☞ *Don't fail to send for it.* mar1-13t

$3000 A YEAR $3000
SELLING SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
PAYING AGENTS
ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT.
OVER
100,000 ALREADY SOLD.
Ladies and gentlemen out of employment should address PITTSBURG SUPPLY CO., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. dec 14-26t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov16-52t

MAGIC EGGS—The most wonderful invention of the age. When lighted, a serpent a yard long uncoils from the burning egg. 10 in a nest. Price 50c. T. FLETCHER, 184 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. mar8-13t

MAGIC BOTTLES.—Tricks performed with these bottles are marvellous. For parlor amusement, unequaled. Two in a box, with instructions. Price 50c. T. FLETCHER, 184 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. mar8-13t

A LADY who has been cured of nervous debility after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the cure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, Mrs. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box, 5032, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. mh29-4t

FOUND AT LAST.—A certain cure for Consumption. 3,000 cured within the last year with this wonderful medicine. For full particulars, including medicine, enclose one dollar, and address DR. H. H. HERTZLER, Burnt Cabins, Fulton County, Pennsylvania, and you will receive all by mail. feb8-13t

12 Beautiful Oil Chromos, mailed for 50 cents. Address, C. S. RILEY, Holland, N. Y. ap5-4t

MY STOCK, taken throughout, is without question the finest in *quality, style* and *artistic effect* of any now offered to the public. I am glad to be able to say that notwithstanding this it is very far from being high-priced, my object having been from the first to place fine goods and only fine goods within the reach of ALL. I offer to send my wares to any point in the United States and the Canadas, no matter how remote, with the privilege to open the package and examine, and if they are not as expected, you need not take them.

Ladies' Gold Hunting Watches; late styles of first class jewelry; Pearl and Diamond Engagement Rings of my own manufacture; solid Gold Chains and the Gorham Co.'s solid Silver-ware are all described in the gold illustrated circular (free to every one), and the prices annexed thereto, will be found upon examination to be real bargains, and in many instances a reduction to the extent of one half.

H. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, New York City.

"Has a good stock and entirely reliable."—*Appleton's Journal.*

"Whose goods are just what he represents them."—*Christian Union.*

"Worthy of the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

P. S.—Parties desiring to purchase Elgin or Waltham Watches *before* buying at home and *after* sending for the catalogues of other firms, are requested to send for my circular. mar22-nowst

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

THIS compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humors in the system, that undermine health and settle into troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humors that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humors to some internal organ, or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA expels these humors from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as *Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa arising from internal ulceration and uterine disease, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility.* With their departure health returns.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. mh22-1t

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. sept4-1y

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Fall term, Aug. 29. Winter term, Dec. 5. Spring term, March 26. $185 per year for board, fuel, washing, with common English branches. A choice of three courses of study for ladies or gentlemen. A complete commercial course also. A class is always fitting for college. The best instruction in Music, Painting, Languages, Telegraphy. Students admitted any time. Address for catalogues or for rooms, JOS. E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, New York. nov2-26t

PERFECT GEMS. The new, elegant and unique MICROSCOPIC CHARMS.—These "little beauties" are finely got up in ivory, to be worn on watch guards, or as ornaments and keepsakes, and each contains a picture or portrait, which upon looking through the charm is magnified 1000 times. We have just received an immense assortment, which we mail in sealed letters, prepaid, to any address, for only 25 cents each, 5 for $1, or $2 a dozen. Try one and secure something that will be a keepsake for life. Order only from B. FOX & CO. No. 369 Canal street, New York City. de21-26t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.
A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, while experimenting, accidentally made a preparation of CANNABIS INDICA, which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION.

This remedy is now for sale at first-class Druggists. Try it, prove it for yourself. Price $2.50.

CRADDOCK & CO., Proprietors,
1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Letters answered promptly. feb1-13t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., No. 369 Canal Street, New York City. sept4-1y

HINKLEY FAMILY KNITTER. Best in Use. One Needle. Agents Wanted. Send for Circular and Stocking. HINKLEY K. M. CO., Bath, Me. feb8-13t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep
GUARANTEED BY USING MY
Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST,
mar1-8t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID—Published for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc. By one who has cured himself. Supplying the means of self-cure, and sent free of charge. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Box 163, Brooklyn, N. Y. feb22-13t

WIT AND HUMOR.

GONE TO THE DOGS.

There was no better behaved dog in the entire State of Illinois than Ballard's "Monte." He was young, handsome, intelligent, educated and of good moral habits. He was a high-bred setter, with long, soft hair, dark brown in color, and tawny under the throat. His eyes were soft and melting in their expression, his silken ears had the patrician droop, and his aristocratic tail was eloquent in its expression of joy and affection, and rigid as an axe handle when its owner came to a point. (Monte was a reasonable dog You could always make him see the point without the aid of the hunting whip.) As for his nose—there never was such a nose hung to a dog before. He could scent a quail across a forty-acre field, and could retrieve anything except his reputation in the latter part of his career. He would carry a dead bird a mile and put it into a wagon, and he never mouthed or mangled the game.

When Ballard was nervous or flustered, and missed good shots, Monte cheerfully came up to be licked with the ramrod, magnanimously taking all the blame on himself; but when anybody else of the party missed a fair shot, Monte made no attempt to conceal his contemptuous disgust. On these occasions he usually relieved his mind by licking the other dog. Monte had a bright future before him; but, alas! in an evil hour he tasted his first glass of beer, and from that moment was a ruined dog. The way of it was this: It was a hot day in August, and Ballard and his friend had been hunting over the fiery stubble for hours. No water was to be had, but a keg of beer was in the wagon. Monte was nearly gone up. His tongue hung out a foot or more, and his palpitating sides indicated speedy dissolution. Ballard, unable to obtain water, gave him a quart of beer, which he lapped up with satisfaction, and demanded more. He was given a pint more.

Considerably refreshed, the hunt was resumed, but Monte behaved strangely. He dashed about in a reckless manner, and tumbled headlong over fences. He barked in a maudlin, incoherent way, and quarrelled without cause with Smith's dog. He seemed to have lost the control of his nose, and would run over a covey of grouse, and in a moment after come to a dead point on a field mouse or grasshopper. He chased rabbits—an indiscretion which he would have scorned in his sober senses. It was plainly evident that Monte was drunk—palpably and shamefully drunk—drunk as a fiddler.

The next morning Monte got up with a raging headache. He felt bad. His hair pulled. But he seems to have heard of the drunkard's axiom—"the hair of the dog is good for the bite"—and he accordingly followed Ballard down town and "rung in" on him while he was taking his matutina whisky and taney. Ballard stood treat, and Monte "hissed in" a glass of old stock ale. Several loafers thought it was funny to see a dog making a beast of himself, and so they invited poor Monte to take another and another, until the upshot of it was he went home that night drunker than ever. It got noised around town that Monte liked beer, and everybody began to invite him. The consequence was that he became a sot. He neglected his business. His beautiful eyes became red and rheumy, and his silken coat got shaggy. He frequented the bar rooms, and "laid" for invitations to drink. When hard pressed, he would run his face with the barkeeper.

Monte made frequent efforts to reform; but dog flesh is weak. After a day or two of abstinence he would plunge into a deeper debauch. And so he went from bad to worse. His master becoming alarmed, served notice on all the whisky shops not to let Monte have anything; but all to no purpose. He found means to get drunk every day. Beer got too weak for him, and he took to whisky. Other dogs began to look down on him. Smith's dog—a miserable mongrel—cut his acquaintance. Even the fleas and bench-legs regarded him with a pity that was more galling to his proud nature than contempt. Finally the end came. After an unusually protracted debauch, Monte began to see things. He would bristle up at imaginary dogs, and then shrink in the most abject terror from some imaginary assailant. Then he would come to a dead point on nothing, and again he would hustle imaginary cats about the yard, and, getting them in a corner, bark for hours at vacancy. He couldn't sleep. He couldn't eat. He couldn't do anything that was sensible, and finally died as the fool dieth—of jim jams. We buried him under an apple tree, with a head board bearing the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
"MONTE,"
Only Dog of A. C. Ballard,
Who (the Dog) Died Dec. 12, 1872,
OF TYPHOID PNEUMONIA,
Superinduced by overwork and Mental Anxiety.
"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

That was a lie about the cause of his death, but we couldn't find it in our hearts to say that so good a dog died of delirium tremens.

HOW TO TREAT FICKLE YOUNG MEN.

"Max Adeler" (in the *Dispatch.*) has undertaken to answer one of our correspondents, who wrote as follows:

"About three years ago I became acquainted with a young gentleman; and although he never paid me any particular attentions, he would often accompany me to and from church, etc. 'But lately I have noticed a great change in him. He avoids me as much as possible, and starts if I address him. Can he have ceased to love me?—for I know he did, though he never said so. If I thought he had, it would break my heart."

Perhaps we ought not to interfere in this little matter; but, as we know exactly what should be done with the young man, we feel as if we ought to speak out. Do not attempt to reason with him or cajole him or pacify him. The next time he calls take a monkey-wrench, fasten it securely upon his nose, lead him off to the dining-room, and ask him in a firm voice what he means. If he won't answer, twist the wrench three or four times, and butt his head up against the stove or the mantelpiece until his gloom is dispelled. If he says he has ceased to love you, let your fingers dally with his ringlets lovingly for a few moments, and then suddenly lift out a couple of handsfull, and have an Irishman at hand to come in and sit on him awhile and knock out his teeth and jump up and down on him, and be sociable. Then let him go, and commence your arrangements to rope in a fresh man. You cannot afford to waste your young life upon such a wretch as this; and where heart will not throb to heart, or soul respond to soul, the best thing to do is to contuse the nose at once.

☞ BAD TEMPER.—There are few things more productive of evil in domestic life than a thoroughly bad temper. It does not matter what form that temper may assume, whether it is of a sulky kind, that maintains perfect silence for many days, or the madly passionate, which vents itself in absolute violence.

☞ To deal frankly, honestly and fairly with all men turns out best in the long run.

ONLY A RING.

BY LURA M. BIDELER.

Only a ring, yet I prize it more
Than all the gems from India's shore;
Not all the wealth of the world untold,
Is dear to me as this band of gold.

Only a ring, but I love it well,
Better than words can ever tell;
'Tis a pledge to me of affection true,
Best and dearest I ever knew.

Only a ring, and yet in this
Is centred all of my earthly bliss;
All my hopes of the future, yes—
Every dream of happiness.

Only a ring, but if you knew
The heart so brave, the love so true,
You would not wonder that to me,
His ring is more than the world could be.

Only a ring, *from* one whose love
I prize all earthly things above;
So do not deem it a trifling thing,
For the love of the giver came *with* the ring.

A LOYAL HEART.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Old Pierre Veilloc's two daughters were the acknowledged belles of a small fishing-village on the coast of Brittany, and they deserved to be, for two prettier girls than Louise and Marguerite Veilloc could scarcely be found if you searched through all Brittany. Although old Pierre was known not to be overburdened with wealth, and, in consequence, the *dot* of his daughters in case of their marrying, would be small, yet at the annually recurring *pardon* or any other rustic merry-making, Louise and Marguerite could boast of more partners in the dance than all the other village maidens put together.

Louise was fair, with gentle blue eyes, soft brown hair and cheeks and lips tinted with the faint pink of a blush-rose; Marguerite was dark, with thick, glossy braids of black hair, dark eyes which melted or flashed according to her feelings, and a complexion like the color of rich cream, tinged with the ripe bloom of a peach.

The two girls spun flax and attended to the household duties, while their father with the other village men went out to sea for fish.

Marguerite had promised to become the wife of Yvon Foy—one of the most persevering of her numerous suitors. Yvon was a stalwart, handsome, good-hearted young fellow. He usually hauled in more fish than any of his comrades; he owned a good boat, and a couple of hundred francs safely deposited in a St. Malo bank. All the world—not including the envious people—predicted a good match.

Marguerite loved Yvon, and he knew it, although she tried to hide her love beneath a veil of coquettry. He was happy, and she was no less so; all day old Pierre's cottage rang with gay snatches of Breton melodies. All things spoke to Marguerite of joy to come. The earth was a paradise; existence itself, a great joy.

One evening, after the frugal meal, she waited at the door for Yvon's usual visit. Twilight had come, but the long crimson streak which the sun had left in the sea had not yet vanished. Marguerite stood watching its disappearance in quiet content. She did not know that as the red glow fled from the sea, peace shook its white wings, and fled from her heart.

Marguerite fancied that she saw somebody walking behind the irregular pile of rocks that, on the south, stood between the cottage and the sea. Perhaps it was Yvon stealing around in that direction in order to surprise her; she laughed gayly—she would go down to meet him, and show him that he was discovered. She ran forward, and then stopped. There were two figures on the beach. One was Yvon, the other—a woman. Marguerite approached them, keeping behind the rocks. The woman was her sister Louise. She and Yvon were conversing in low tones, seeming deeply interested.

A pang of jealousy shot through Marguerite's heart. Why did these two meet thus by stealth? Why had Louise deceived her, and pretended that she was going to a neighbor's house? Marguerite clenched her hands and bit her lip to keep down the rising tide of passion.

Until it grew dark Yvon and Louise paced up and down the beach, unconscious of the watcher. When darkness came, they separated—Yvon going to the cottage, and Louise hastening up into the village.

Marguerite ran before him, and stood in the doorway as he came up. She forced herself to smile in answer to his greeting. He looked into her face with a tender smile—she hated him as she saw it—and asked if she was ill. She said no, but, as they walked on the beach, he insisted on wrapping her in his rough coat. She laughed bitterly, and he started at the sound. When bidding her good night he entreated her to be careful—as it was said that there was an epidemic fever at a town a few miles down the coast.

"I wish it would come! I wish it would kill me!" she only answered.

Yvon seemed shocked, but hoped she would be better in the morning.

For several succeeding evenings Yvon and Louise met on the beach, and Marguerite watched them.

People wondered what was the matter with her. She became cold, reserved, though at times her eyes would flash, and she would clench her hand upon her heart as if striving to strangle some demon raging there. There was a demon within her—a monster—jealousy.

One night, when the fleet of fishing-boats was out at sea, a storm arose—a wild, furious storm, that tossed the white-capped waves high upon the cliffs. Old Pierre had been unable to go out with the others; he was confined at home with rheumatism. Marguerite looked out through the wind and rain. She saw Louise standing on a high cliff, gazing eagerly out to sea.

"She awaits his coming," Marguerite thought, bitterly. "She has stolen my love from me! Traitress that she is! My sister has taken what I loved better than life," she moaned.

Fierce rage, born of jealousy, took possession of her.

"I will end it all!" she cried. "I will end it all!" And her voice mingled with the moaning of the wind.

She mounted with wild speed the cliffs. The noise of the storm drowned the sound of her footsteps. She reached the spot where her sister stood.

"Die—traitress!"

A piercing shriek—the descent of a woman's form from the cliff, and Louise Veilloc was lost to sight in the raging waters beneath.

Marguerite stood still on the edge, as if turned to stone. A heavy hand was laid on her shoulder. It belonged to a *douanier*, a man stationed there to look out for smugglers. The man's face was white with horror.

"I saw you, wretched girl," he said. "Come—follow me."

She made no resistance, but followed him like one in a dream.

She spent that night in prison. The following day the news that Marguerite Veilloc had pushed her sister Louise from the cliff was know far and wide. The body of Louise, though searched for, was not recovered. Old Pierre refused to see his daughter. Yvon, whose boat had come in safely, despite the storm, visited her.

A SMART YOUTH.

Cousin Millicent (with smothered indignation.)—"Good-bye, Robert! And since it seems you found nothing fitter than my favorite bit of Japanese enamel to drop your cigar ashes in, last night, perhaps you'll accept it as a gift! It has no further value for *me*, after such a desecration!"

Cousin Robert.—"Tha-anks, Millicent! And if *that's* the way articles of priceless value are disposed of in *your* branch of the family, I can only regret that I didn't make an ash-pan of your *hand!*"

"Marguerite—*my* Marguerite, why did you do it? No—no, I cannot believe it," he said incoherently.

"And you ask me why I did it?—*you?* You who deceived me—who each day made love to my sister on the beach, and then came swearing to love only me. Perjurer!"

Yvon seemed bewildered. "I do not understand you."

"Why keep up the lie?" she passionately demanded. "When you met Louise each evening on the beach, did you think I was blind? Bah!"

"Marguerite!" cried Yvon," you have deceived yourself! I see it all now. Oh, why did you not speak your thoughts? Marguerite, Louise and I were planning a pleasure for you."

"Misery, you mean."

"Let me speak. Do you remember that little house near Fleur-de-mer? You liked it, you know, and thought it the prettiest house on the coast. Well, I had a little money, and I bought the house. I spent all my spare time at Fleur-de-mer in fixing it up for you. I told Louise my secret. She was delighted. What pleasure our surprise would give you, she said. She knew your tastes. Each evening we consulted about the house and garden. Your father knew of it. Alas! alas! And besides, Marguerite, my partner, Jean Creve, loved Louise, and I think Louise loved him, for—"

"It was for him she was watching!" cried Marguerite. "Blind! blind!"

She fell back against the stone wall, and fainted.

Two months passed. Marguerite's trial came on. During those terrible days Yvon went nearly mad. He loved Marguerite as well as ever. He would have gladly died for her. The court was silent as a tomb when the sentence of death was pronounced upon Marguerite Veilloc. The dread words had hardly left the lips of the presiding judge when a dishevelled woman rushed upon the witness stand.

This woman was Louise Veilloc! As there was no murder, there could be no murderess, so Marguerite was pardoned after a short imprisonment.

Louise's story was very short. The fall into the water had stunned her. She had risen to the surface, however, and had been picked up by a vessel bound for Bordeaux. On the voyage, she had been attacked by brain fever. As soon as she was allowed to leave the hospital at Bordeaux, she had started for home. Until old Pierre told her, she did not know who had pushed her from the cliff. She did not find it hard to forgive Marguerite, who dared not ask forgiveness.

Jean Crève hastened to tell Louise that he loved her, and she soon after became his wife.

Marguerite went farther up the coast, and lived alone in a small hut. She does penance for her sin.

Yvon remains unmarried for her sake. Each year he goes and asks her to be his wife, and each year she answers, "I am unworthy." But he has not yet lost all hope; for his heart is loyal to her, and pure love conquers all.

Sewing on Buttons.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former; but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and, fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then that the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down town. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for lee-way. He says to himself: "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see!" Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye; but, in spite of a great deal of jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button; and finally, when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both thread and the button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy, as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under his arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After a while he calms down and fastens his shirt together with a pin, and goes to his business a changed man.

Touching Instance of Gratitude.

We are what is called a comfortable couple—me and my good lady.

I have money in the funds, some house property, and a coal agency. A portion of the day I occupy in calling for the rents, and in looking out for the postman who may or may not (probably not, as a rule) bring orders for coal. My good lady sees after the house, when she is not having a nap, or looking out of the window, and blows up the servant girl.

We have several meals during the day. We like a little and often, and our servant girls get rather overfed and saucy after a time, if they don't go away ill. My good lady, in the latter case, is generally very kind to them. Our last girl was taken ill, and we gave her a week's holiday, some soup, wine and oranges, and her wages as usual. This conduct on our part affected this servant girl deeply, and she insisted on sending her sister as a substitute while she was away.

Her sister came very early. My good lady got up and let her in. She was courteseying on the doorstep.

"If you please, ma'am, I'm Jemima's sister," she said.

"Take care," said my good lady; "you've upset the milk can with your crinoline!"

She came in and began to clear away the supper things, and dropped a plate. My good lady told her where to find the breakfast things, and she brought up a cup without a handle; it had slipped through her fingers somehow. My good lady said, "The girl's willing, but she's nervous."

We have some nice china ornaments on the parlor mantelpiece. While we were at breakfast she dusted off a couple of shepherdesses. Between that and dinner time, though, she only got through a tumbler and an egg cup, and I was beginning to think she was getting steadier.

My good lady went down-stairs to see how dinner was getting on. She came up, looking very vexed indeed. She said, "You know the best soup tureen?" I said, "I do." She said, "It's gone!" "How?" I asked. "To pieces."

She went down after this, and presently I heard a smash. My good lady shortly afterwards appeared. She was in tears. She said, "Those two decanters!"

I said, "This is really becoming serious. Hadn't we better send her about her business?" My good lady replied, "How unreasonably you do talk! Her sister sent her here out of kindness to us. It will hurt her feelings dreadfully if we don't keep her." I said, "How about our feelings?"

There was an awful smash down-stairs just at this moment. We sat still and waited. Jemima's sister presently made her appearance, weeping bitterly. She said, "Oh! ma'am, oh! sir, I'm the unluckiest girl that ever was. I've fell down with the dinner tray."

I said, "Will you be kind enough to return home? We're not cross with you, and here's a shilling; only, my good girl, depart while there is yet a whole piece of crockery in the house."

She waved her arms wildly, and knocked a few ornamental things off a sideboard. "How can I ever repay you?" she cried in piteous accents.

I said, "Your presence here, my good girl, is costing us, on an average, about a shilling a minute. If you would only go away and take another situation—say, for instance, in the china shop at the corner of the street—we might, with a few years of penury and privation, gradually recover our losses."

She saw it in the same light, and went.

My good lady then descended to the kitchen to look after the dinner. Jemima's sister had left a jug on the stairs, over which my good lady tumbled and put her ankle out, also breaking the jug.

Jemima's sister has called once or twice since, and said how sorry she was. We have on those occasions put the china up before speaking to her. We think it advisable that she should not come inside the house any more.

☞ LOVE OF MONEY.—It is not necessary to cultivate an inordinate love of money in order to acquire sufficient of it. It is only requisite to adhere to the simple rule of spending less than you make. For our own part, we hate and despise a miserly spirit. We believe in generous friendships and in open-handed charity; but it is only the just who can afford to be generous, and only those who save can afford to be charitable.

☞ SELF-DEPENDENCE.—I would say to every young woman, "Never be dependent on your friends; never live an idle, aimless life—or, what is a thousand times worse, marry to escape work, or 'to gain a position.' Work, and if you cannot work with your brain, work with your hands, bravely, openly, keeping your self-respect and your independence."

☞ Knowledge may increase sin if the heart be not educated as well as the head.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

A. M. W., (Silkton, Md.,) says: "As a constant reader of your paper I take the privilege of asking a few questions. 1st. Is it true or not that the clothes of persons deceased will moulder away quicker than those of the living? 2d. Do you know of any recipe for "lemon butter?" 3d. From what did Florida derive its name? 4th. What do you think of my writing for a girl of fifteen?" 1st. It is not true, but simply one of the many superstitious notions extant. The clothes of the dead are laid away, those of the living worn. The former may moulder on this account, and thus have originated the idea. 2d. Take one-quarter pound of butter, the yolks of six eggs, the rind of three lemons and the juice of two. Place these in a preserving kettle over a slow fire, and stir until they become as thick as honey. 3d. Ponce de Leon landed in Florida on Palm Sunday, the 4th of April, 1512. The name of this day in Spanish is Pasqua Florida, whence the name of the State. 4th. Very good.

VIOLA, (Illinois,) asks: "1st. Please translate *Amore Inductio.* 2d. What should a lady say when a gentleman thanks her for dancing with him? 3d. What will remove moles from the face without injuring the skin? 4th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. It means "causing to love." 2d. Whatever appears to her most appropriate. We can give no set form of reply that would answer for all circumstances. 3d. Nothing, that we know of, without danger of injuring the skin. Some mild caustic if careful'y applied, might answer. 4th. It is moderately fair.

ADELIZA, (Roseberg, Pa.), writes: "Feeling lonely, not since my mother died, (she is not dead yet, and is now sitting beside me spinning,) but since my sisters got married, I thought I would dare an interview in your very private sanctum, and quiz you a little, for my own information. You are the dearest among all our weekly visitors. I hope your wife won't object to the adjective used. Of course you have one or you would not call yourself "We." Now I should like to pour all my grievances into your sympathising ear, as Zig and a host of other lights do. But enough; if sympathy cannot be found by going to you I will look in the dictionary next time. I shall feel grateful if you will answer the following questions: 1st. Will you please tell me the meaning of Greuze face? It occurs in Dorothea in the Lady's Friend. 2d. Who is the author of the following lines, and will you please publish all the verses?—

"For God is God, my darling,
By night as well as day."

3d. Why are needles called Helix, Milward's, I mean? 4th. In how many different widths are the national dress trimmings made? 5th. Was Queen Victoria ever in America? I think not. 6th. Why or how did the Communists take their name? 7th. Will it be consistent with your ideas to tell if Zig is married or single, as I should very much like to know who and what she is? 8th. To what extent is the tea-plant cultivated in America 9th. A friend of mine wishes very much to know where the Eastern end of the Pacific slow freight coming through Salt Lake is? 10th. As I am very curious to know if your correspondents are good writers, please tell me how mine rates in comparison with the others?" It is not the family We, but the royal We, that the Post employs. Consider the extent of our dominion, and say if the Post has not a right to claim this much, at least, of Imperial dignity. Shakspeare has it

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

and as we have the minds of a host of readers as our kingdom, who has a better right to the Royal plural? In regard to your questions, 1st. The allusion may be to Jean Baptiste Greuze, a celebrated French *genre* painter, who devoted himself to domestic subjects. 2d. The verses given occur in a very pretty song, called "Faith and Hope." We have forgotten the author's name, but you can obtain it through any music dealer. 3d. It is a trade-mark, and may have no special meaning as applied to needles. Helix means twisted, spiral. 4th. We do not know. The only national trimming we know much about is the stars and stripes, and that is wide enough to cover the whole United States. 5th. No. 6th. The name arises from the doctrine of communalty in property, particularly in land, which the Communists teach. 7th. We cannot divulge Zig's secret to the curious world. She gives you a piece of her mind every week. Cannot you put these pieces together, and make an ideal Zig out of them? 8th. It is not cultivated to any useful extent at present. Several States are said to be suited to it, but our agriculturists cannot compete with "Chinese cheap labor." The Californian Chinamen may undertake its culture. 9th. At Omaha. 10th. It compares favorably, being rather above the average.

L. E. P., (Woodstock, Vt.,) asks: "1st. Do you take contributions from authors who have had some experience, but who are not very famous? 2d. Can you tell me where and at what price I can get a copy of the Arabian Nights Entertainments? 3d. What do you think of my writing for a boy of thirteen?" 1st. From any author who thinks he has anything worth offering. Of course we are to be the judges as to whether it will suit us or not. 2d Any bookseller can supply you. There are a great many editions, at very varying prices. 3d. Passable for your age, but far from being good.

SARAH JANE SMITH, (Pennsylvania,) writes: "You will confer a favor by giving some information on the subjects mentioned below? Suppose a man and woman marry, possessing an equal amount of property, three thousand dollars each. They both work and increase their property, the man frequently hiring, but the woman always getting along without any assistance. The man is hard with his family; grows more and more so, until twenty-four years have elapsed, when he is positively brutal to his treatment of his wife, and drives his children away from home. Now the question is this: Cannot the woman get a separation from her husband, and can she get any of the property? She is now old and infirm, and wishes to keep her children with her. Also, if a child raises an animal, with the understanding that it is to belong to him, can he, when he becomes of age, claim it as his own? Also, can a man sell the personal property against his wife's wishes? Please inform 'Susan Jones' who or what Hecate and Psyche were." According to the laws of the States a woman can retain possession of property of which she can prove her personal ownership. But if the property mentioned was in money, and was placed in her husband's hands as part of a common fund, it would be impossible to prove special ownership in any portion of it after such a long period. She might get a separation, and have a separate maintenance allowed her by the courts. 2d. The understanding that the child is to possess the animal does not constitute ownership. He could not claim it on such grounds. 3d. Yes, the wife's permission is not requisite in a sale of personal property—only of real estate. 4th. Hecate was a Grecian goddess, who aided Ceres in her search for Proserpine; or, as others say, went with the latter to the lower regions. She is sometimes represented single, sometimes as a three-headed monster. Psyche, with the later Greeks, personated the soul. She was a king's daughter, who loved Love himself. Venus persecuted her, and separated the lovers, but they finally met, Psyche becoming immortal.

CONSTANT READER, (Elwood, N. J.,) says: "Experience having taught me the great value of your paper as a source of public information, I pray you to answer the following questions. 1st. Is there any French Catholic paper published in the United States—and if so, where? 2d. Where can I get a Swedish grammar and a reader in the same language? 3d. Where can I get published a grammar of the language of Holland, with exercises for the use of Americans? 4th. What is the meaning of Brother Jonathan, as applied to the United States? 5th. Can a person, who is not a citizen of the United States, be taxed? 6th. What do you say about my handwriting?" We believe the Catholic World, published in New York, issues a French edition. 2d. You can probably get the works needed from any of our large publishers, say J. B. Lippincott & Co. 3d. Apply to the same source. 4th. Washington, being badly in want of money for the army, proposed to apply to "Brother Jonathan," meaning Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut. This originated the phrase. 5th. Certainly, if he holds property here. 6th. It is about medium.

L. S. G., (New York,) asks: "Will you please inform me what the word Lloyd means, in the German Lloyd and American Lloyd Steamship Company?" There is an English periodical called Lloyd's List, which contains full details of matters relating to the shipping interests. It has been published since 1726, and derives its name from Lloyd's Coffee House, a place greatly frequented by shippers and merchants. The steamship lines mentioned may have derived their name from this source.

L. W., (Greensville City, Ill.,) writes: "You will oblige a true friend and constant reader of the Post by answering the following questions. 1st. Who was the author of a novel entitled 'Gems of The Bog?' 2nd. Can you tell me where I can procure the book entitled 'Scenes on The Wissahickon,' and at what price? 3d. What is 'Edna' a contraction of? 4th. Can you give me the address of the principal of 'St. Mary's Hall,' in New Jersey? 5th. Can you tell me the birthplace of ——, and where she now resides? 6th. Are the points of lightning-rods always made of Platinum? 7th. Is there such a plant as the 'air plant,' and can you tell me where I can procure one? I have inquired of several Florists, but could not get one. And as I am anxious to procure one, would like you to tell me where, if you can. 8th. Is it wrong to pierce the ears? This subject has been disputed so often, I thought I would inquire. 9th. Is my writing good?" 1st. We do not know the work. 2d. Inquire of some bookseller. 3d. It is not a contraction, but a full name. 4th. Mr. Smith, Bordentown, N. J., or else Bishop Odenheimer, same place. 5th. Georgia, we believe. 6th. Not necessarily so. Any good electrical conductor, that will not corrode, will answer. 7th. Yes, there are many varieties of air plant, belonging to the orchid and the pine-apple families. Any Florist should be able to procure you one. 8th. No. It is altogether a matter of taste. 9th. Not very.

M. J. G. (Penna.,) asks: 1st. Will you accept my story? 2d. Of what nationality is Pierce Egan? 3d. Is the firm of —— reliable? 4th. How is my composition? 5th. What per cent. is my handwriting? 1st. Respectfully declined. 2d. England. 3d. We hear a great many complaints of them. 4th. We do not criticise the composition of writers in this column. 5th. Your handwriting is excellent.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 1, 47, 15, 44, 32, 35, 2, 39, is a kind of gas.
My 30, 30, 20, 11, favors chemical action.
My 34, 40, 45, 6, 18, 43, is one of the Haloids.
My 9, 40, 27, 15, is a metal.
My 7, 2, 16, 24, 43, 14, 37, 46, 41, 5, 32, 39, is a kind of combustion.
My 42, 5, 16, 6, 12, 4, 32, 44, 39, is a strong alkali.
My 21, 13, 3, 43, 16, is a solvent.
My 27, 23, 2, is used in making soap.
My 25, 27, 17, 24, 28, 18, 22, 24, is the metallic base of clay.
My 26, 2, 38, 19, 31, is a fermentation used in cooking.
My 12, 28, 27, 29, 30, 16, is a precious metal.
My 33, 28, 12, 36, lives in combined oxygen and hydrogen.
My whole is a familiar quotation.

T. E. W.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. One of the United States.
2. Heavy stonework.
3. One of Shakspeare's characters.
4. A king of France.
5. A river in the United States.
6. Outlay.
7. A learned professor.

Each of the above contains seven letters. Place them one above the other, and commence with the middle letter at the top, and follow the diamond to the right, and you will have the name of a city in the United States. GAHMEW.

Fort Totten, D. T.

WORD SQUARE.

A place in a ship.
A mineral.
To confine again, as water.
A footprint, a track, a vestige.
A fabulous deity. J. M. M.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—The horse that frets is the horse that sweats.

ANAGRAM—

"'Tis sweet to love,
But O how bitter,
To love a girl,
And then not git her."

RIDDLE—Bane, cane, Dane, fane, Jane, lane, mane, pane, sane, vane, wane.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.	III.
QUOTA	CONCH	ZEAL
UPPER	OPERA	EDGE
OPINE	NEGUS	AGUE
TENON	CRUST	LEEK
ARENA	HASTY	

RECEIPTS.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Trim free from fat, slices of nice veal, beat up the yolks of eggs, and mix in rolled cracker or rasped bread, and season with pepper and salt; roll the cutlets in the preparation, and fry gently in butter, without burning, until thoroughly cooked. Serve with the oiled butter remaing in the spider.

VEAL PIE.—Prepare a plain paste, cover a deep plate with it, set it in the oven until baked. Have ready veal that has been parboiled, cut in small bits, lay the meat on the crust, until it is evenly full, put in each pie a piece of butter as large as the bowl of a tablespoon, broken in small bits, a little salt and pepper, a spoonful of flour, and a little of the broth in which the veal was boiled. Put on the top crust, which should be made rather richer than the bottom, and rolled thin. Bake immediately in a quick oven. Serve with potatoes, and any other dressed vegetables; sponge-cake, or any other cake pudding is a proper dessert.

VEAL POT-PIE.—Boil the veal, and proceed exactly as for chicken pot-pie.

BOILED MILK TO REDUCE COFFEE.—Never weaken coffee by adding boiling water, a teacupful will spoil a whole boiler. When the coffee is desired with less strength, reduce with hot milk, or cream. Some are fond of coffee, but find it disagrees with them; such persons would find the following rule useful: Fill the cup two-thirds full of milk, boiling hot; sugar to taste, and half the space left in the cup fill with strong coffee. When cream cannot be had, the yolks of eggs, beaten to a froth, and stirred gradually into milk, in the proportion of three to a pint, is a good substitute; pour the milk and egg in the cup, and stir with a spoon while filling with coffee.

RHUBARB VINEGAR.—Pick the stalks, chop them fine, and drain off the juice; to every quart of the juice, allow three of water and one pound of sugar; add the mother from vinegar, and put the whole in a clean cask; set it in a warm place until soured.

CURRANT VINEGAR.—To make a barrel, mash two bushels of currents, press out the juice, and wash the pulp free from the acid of the fruit in filtered rain-water; put the juice in a barrel; add to the water in which the pulp was washed, two gallons of molasses; dissolve it thoroughly, and pour it in the barrel; add sufficient rain-water to make the barrel three-quarters full. Stir into one gallon of water a teacup of hop yeast, and add it to the other ingredients. If the vinegar is not needed until winter, omit the yeast. Set the barrel in the sun, and place in the bung-hole a junk bottle. The next fall add eight gallons of soft rain-water, which will make the barrel full of vinegar; shake the barrel, while turning, every day.

☞ YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Concentrate your thoughts on your own business; make yourself master of it; be industrious; practice economy; study and observe the wise business maxims of Franklin, and you will at once begin to prosper.

☞ FAVORS.—Before you ask a favor of any man consider three things. First, can you not avoid it? Second, can the one you apply to grant it? Third, would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to do for yourself? It is well to think of this, as it may change the whole question.